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SPEAGHT.

THE LADY HASTINGS AND HER DAUGHTER.

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COUNTRY LIFE
THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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THE CHANGING . . . GENERATION.

BY the death of Mr. Meredith, occurring as it did so soon after that of Mr. Swinburne, we are reminded of that gradual transformation which is continually taking place in history. It gives to the phrase "other times, other manners," a deeper and more pathetic meaning. Let democracy be what it may and say what it will, the great men set the fashion of thought. When the mind travels back for half a century it is to find that personalities that have passed away were then giving the cues to thought. How sharply defined are their figures! Bismarck in European, Gladstone and Disraeli in English politics, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin the apostles of sweetness and light, George Eliot treading on the heels of Dickens and Thackeray, a whole band of poets—Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti—with their singing robes on! But "the moving finger writes and moveth on," and that crowd of giants have crept one by one to

rest. Have they any successors? In a pessimistic mood a ready negative comes to the lips, and we think the great style has vanished and been succeeded by the lispings of the nursery. But that is an outcry of every generation. Poetry especially is reported dead every hundred years or so. Only, it has a resurrection. Those who bemoan its disappearance are like children looking at a bare landscape before the stirrings of spring produce visible effect. They see the trees "bare leafless quires," the cold black earth, the general desolation, and do not know that beneath this forbidding surface millions of roots are at work, millions of flowers striving to get themselves born. So when Dickens passed away and Thackeray died, the lament arose that the days of imaginative fiction were ended. It was given only to a few of the wise to discern that bards were rising from other roots; that the career of a Meredith, for example, was just about to begin in earnest. Even more difficult will it be in the future to discern the newcomer's greatness. The primary business of the poet and novelist is to paint the manners of the time, and these are changing with unusual rapidity.

London offers a most suitable illustration. Suppose Charles Dickens were to come to life again; he would find not only that many of the old landmarks were removed and squalid streets replaced by stately building, but the conditions so altered as to make his characters impossible. Where would Sam Weller find scope for his humour; where would his father find a vocation? The stage-coach is cherished now only as an antiquated toy. It is becoming daily less common to see hansom cabs in the street, and the hackney carriage has passed into the mists of oblivion. Who shall dare to say that the substitution of the electric omnibus and the taxicab have not produced corresponding changes in manners? The driver of the taxicab belongs to a new race, or at any rate is a most unexpected development of that breed of men which plies for hire—as they used to say of the watermen of an earlier day. From link-boys or chair-men to cab-drivers was not a change so great as from horse to motor power. The taxicab man who, with his swift machine, winds his way through the traffic of London with unrivalled swiftness and dexterity belongs to a new world with his mechanical skill, his foreign-looking attire, and his—generally speaking—well-shaven and highly-groomed appearance. Moreover, electricity has broken down the barriers between town and country. "God made the country and man made the town" was a saying made when the distinction between city dweller and rural swain was sharp and decisive. The novelist to-day has a new class to study—one that oscillates between the street and the green fields, sits on a stool for six days, and on the seventh is a bit of a gardener and farmer. At the same time, the rustic has been cleansed of his rusticity. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy are probably the last of their tribe who will have an opportunity of studying the clown as Shakespeare saw him, and Milton and Fielding and Jane Austen. Modern styles of teaching and free intercourse with his fellows have brushed away those peculiarities of speech that delighted us as reported by the poet and the novelist. Were George Eliot born again in the *milieu* she occupied before, it would be to find Mrs. Poyser with a mind above butter, giving afternoon teas, and having "her day." Hetty would be an accomplished pianist, and even Adam Bede's mother would quote the newspapers, and Diana Morris be a Suffragette and a thorn in the flesh of Mr. Asquith.

Moreover, deeper changes still would be found in the things of the spirit. The *obiter dicta* of fifty years ago are now *res judicata*, and at any rate the intolerance of an earlier generation has been replaced by a widespread toleration. Mr. Swinburne could not easily swell into the raptures of indignation with which he startled the world in the sixties, because he would have nothing standing up against him. We do not say that the world has come round entirely to his view; but the way of the hour is to let each think and speak according to the dictates of his own judgment. These are not mere changes of detail, but alterations of principle that have changed the whole tone of our time. A consideration arises whether children brought up in the new spirit and under the new order of things will be able to understand and appreciate literature that, as far as time goes, lies exceedingly near to them. In other words, Meredith and his contemporaries appear to have been shifted back as far as Chaucer and his day.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Lady Hastings with her little daughter. Lady Hastings is the daughter of Lord Henry Nevill, and her marriage to Lord Hastings, the twenty-first Baron, took place in 1907.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

London especially, and the country in general, are glad to see the King back on his own shores again and to feel that he is much the better for his visit to the Continent. The King arrived at St. Pancras last Saturday night and drove at once to Buckingham Palace. He arrives in the middle of the season, and has to confront a list of engagements that would dismay anyone less accustomed to public ceremonial duties. This is a time of the year which is full of the most important functions, and no doubt the King, who is very much alive to the duties of his office, timed his return with a view to fulfilling his numerous engagements. His presence is not only wanted in London, but there are several celebrations in the provinces which he has promised to attend. It is to be hoped that the weather, which has rendered going about very uncomfortable of late, will become more propitious as the season advances.

Very seldom, indeed, have we to record the surrender of a pension granted by the Government, but this has occurred in the case of the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, who has informed the First Lord of the Treasury that he has relinquished the political pension held by him since 1902. He received it according to a well-understood method by which political pensions are paid according to the salary and the years of service of the Minister. In Lord Salisbury's second Administration, Sir John was Vice-President to the Board of Education and in previous Governments he had been respectively Under-Secretary of State for India and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. The holding of these offices entitled him to a political pension of £1,200 a year. In his early years Sir John was a member of the Fourth Party, and later on he was deeply concerned in the inner working of the Conservative Party; but latterly he has become so very independent a critic as to have been said by some to have changed his colours altogether.

The nation at large, as well as his own particular friends, joined heartily in the celebration of the golden wedding of Lord and Lady Roberts. The Grand Old Man of the Army surely deserves well of his countrymen if ever anyone did. His career in early manhood and maturity was brilliant in the extreme. He was our Reserve General, always ready to come forward when there was some extra difficult task to be performed, or some dilemma out of which we had to be delivered. In his old age he has given his time and energy ungrudgingly to a task in which he has not received sufficient support, namely, to the dissemination of the facts about our national position, and to efforts for rendering the safety of the nation secure. In season and out of season he has preached this doctrine, and it is not at all to our credit that despite his warning, and the memorable warning of that other most devoted servant of the Empire, Lord Cromer, the nation has not yet been so thoroughly aroused as it should be to the necessity of taking means to render attack by any foreign Power hopeless. These are the services for which we owe gratitude, and they have been reinforced by a personality perhaps more popular than that of any other man of his time.

In the course of a speech in the House of Lords on the Small Holdings Act, Lord Onslow repeated the story of an

evicted farmer which we published in these pages last week. His words, as reported in *The Times*, were: "In the East Riding of Yorkshire a farmer who had occupied 656 acres for sixteen years had been evicted, although it was against the wish of the County Council. This man had been an excellent citizen and himself had raised a troop of yeomanry." In the course of his reply to Lord Onslow's speech, Lord Carrington did not deal in direct terms with this statement, but by implication he admitted its accuracy. He said "the county councils were waking up, and about fifty compulsory order schemes had been sent in to the Board. He admitted that farmers were very sore on the subject. On the question of compensation, he admitted force in the argument that tenants had special ground for complaint when their land was acquired by county councils under the Act, and that in furtherance of a great national policy, *machinery had been set up which might bring to an end tenancies which otherwise might continue to exist for years.*" The italics are ours, and no other comment is necessary.

Although Mr. Hobhouse dealt with the subject in a gingerly and guarded manner in the House of Commons, there seems little reason to doubt that provisional arrangements have been made for the purchase by the Government of the Duke of Bedford's Thorney estate in the Fen Country. It is understood that about 2,000 acres are to be set aside for small holdings, and the country, on certain parts of the estate at any rate, is extremely suitable for the purpose. Indeed, fruit-growing and small culture generally have developed to an enormous extent in the neighbourhood during the last twenty or twenty-five years. The history of the estate, its reclamation from marshland and the vast amount of capital which has been spent on it, are now very well known, but it will be interesting—should the purchase be completed—to note the manner in which the Board of Agriculture proposes to deal with this large and important area.

THE WHISPERERS.

About the hearth by candlelight
The weaving whisperers go,
Their arms are cold, their faces white,
Their feet are shod with snow.

They speak of sorrow each to each,
Whispering ancient wrongs.
We may not hush their sound with speech,
Nor close their lips with songs.

About the untasted feasting-cup,
Beside the unwatched fire,
They seal the lips of laughter up,
Wan wraths of dead desire.

Between the hills the forest lies
Wherein by day they keep,
Long years it is since their wild eyes
Were last made known to sleep.

ETHEL TALBOT.

Among the exhibitions to be held this summer, one of the most interesting ought to be that of the Nature Study Society. It has a most influential list of patrons and a good general committee, and it is being very warmly taken up by many scientific and naturalist societies. It deserves support, because it is in no way being worked for profit, but for the dissemination of knowledge and the creation of a deeper interest in Nature-study. The objects to be exhibited are freshwater and salt-water aquaria; vivaria containing reptiles, amphibia, snails, caterpillars and other animals; flight cages containing butterflies, dragon-flies and other insects; ants' nests, means of keeping minute forms of life; microscopic exhibits illustrating minute forms of life; photographs bearing directly upon any of the above matters.

At a moment when the pinch of new taxation is making itself acutely felt, it would be a great pity if anything were to occur in the way of a beef famine. Luckily this seems to be only a phrase of the exaggerating journalist. There was a shortage of the supply for a few days, but it is said to be due entirely to the tardy sailing of a number of vessels. The best guarantee against any abrupt or excessive rise in the price of beef at present lies in the abundance and cheapness of mutton. The American exporters are powerless, as long as lamb and mutton are at a low price; and the complaint is that they are not as cheap as they ought to be, if we may judge by the price obtained for sheep. Another effective comment on the scare which has been got up is that, for the month ended April 30th, the meat supply for London was 34,969 tons, showing an increase of 461 tons on the corresponding period of last year.

General consternation has been aroused in the rural districts by the severe and nipping frosts which May has brought forth. They have in many portions of Kent utterly destroyed one of the most promising fruit crops of recent years. In Lancashire and Cheshire, where a speciality is made of early potatoes, rows of blackened drills tell the farmers that they will be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds out of pocket. It is not only in this direct way that agriculture is suffering. Growth in the meantime has been almost entirely arrested, and it seems as though one of the most beautiful Mays of recent years is likely to prove to be one of the most calamitous. The ground at the moment is much in want of soft rain and warmth. Now is the period when growth should be made, and if the present climatic conditions continue, it is hopeless to look forward for any satisfactory ingathering during the months of autumn.

In his last will and testament Mr. Swinburne is as whole-hearted and downright as he was in literature. He left a property valued at £24,282 10s. 8d. gross, including personality of the net value of £19,096 5s. 7d. His will was typewritten, and must have been one of the briefest compositions he ever made. He bequeathed all his property whatsoever and wheresoever to his friend, Mr. Walter Theodore Watts Dunton. It was very fitting that this should be the case, and does equal credit to the poet and his friend. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Watts Dunton watched over the poet with the solicitude of a parent, and seeing that Mr. Swinburne had no issue of his own, it was well that he should follow out his own generous impulse and leave the whole of his property to one who had been such a long and faithful friend. It is understood that to Mr. Watts Dunton has also been committed the responsible task of writing Mr. Swinburne's biography. We hope that no time will be lost in setting about it. No one else was so intimate with Mr. Swinburne, and no one can possibly possess so much material. It would be a very interesting, though not unmournful, task for the author of "Aylwin" to undertake.

In this connection it may be pointed out that the wills of modern poets do not exhibit that abject poverty which we commonly associate with the idea of verse-writing in England. Carlyle, in a notable passage, tells us how the English literary heroes of Great Britain died, many in the workhouse, many insane, and most of them poor and wretched. He was probably thinking of Marlowe, whose "mighty line" did not save him from a most squalid death, and "the marvellous boy who perished in his prime," of poor Burns, broken in health and spirit, of Fergusson in a mad-house and of other saints in that piteous calendar. But the successful singers of the late nineteenth century were more fortunate. The poorest of them, judged by their respective wills, was Matthew Arnold, who died worth only £1,000. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, when he passed away at the age of eighty-three, left £57,206; Mr. William Morris, who continued to preach his *couleur de rose* Socialism four years after that, left £55,069. Mr. Robert Browning's fortune closely approximated to that which has been left by Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who was not very popular in his later days, left £8,777 and Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson £30,419. Thus, although poetry is not in our time so richly rewarded as some other forms of intellectual labour, it has not been altogether unrequited. Let him who writes it at all write it well, and he shall not go without his reward.

In view of the long list of representative men and women who are opposed to the registration of nurses, Mr. Asquith cannot be blamed for refusing to accept as non-controversial the Bill for that purpose, which is supported by Lord Ampthill, Sir Victor Horsley and others. Concerning the grievance itself, there is no room for question. In these days, highly-skilled nursing is valued more than ever, and it is unfair to the nurses themselves, who have undergone a troublesome and expensive course of training, that they should be ranked with those who have merely fallen back on the profession as a makeshift in time of want. Many of them would be satisfied with a very simple reform indeed. This is that the wearing of a nurse's uniform by an unqualified person should be made an offence. It is known that many very undesirable persons, for no honest purpose, often masquerade in the uniform of a nurse, and this is unfair to those who are really qualified. Further than this, the public desire to have some guarantee against fraud and deception. In a great number of cases, it is true, the nurse is recommended by the medical attendant, and his word is sufficient guarantee; but where one has to be obtained from other sources, as through advertisement or application to a registry, it would be a safeguard to the public if some sort of official certificate were given to those who had been examined or submitted to an adequate test of their ability.

The west front of Exeter Cathedral must now be set down in the long list of historical monuments of which the architectural worth and archaeological interest have been ruthlessly destroyed by those who hold them in trust to preserve them. Some three or four years ago the Dean and Chapter began a process of mutilation — of hacking away the matchless mediæval work, wrought delicately and dexterously in fine-grained stone, and replacing it with coarse modern imitation manufactured out of a quite different geological material. As a consequence, a committee of experts, under the leadership of Sir William Richmond, R.A., drew up a very able and conclusive but courteously worded report, showing that the new work was in no sense a restoration and that it was weakening the fabric. Truthful criticism, unfortunately, is apt to have a curious effect on clerical trustees. It deprives them of mental balance and judgment. They are at once up in arms, and they consider that their dignity requires them to continue on the downward path at double pace. We trust this is not an explanation of what has gone on at Exeter. But the fact remains that Mr. Richmond's report has been followed by an outburst of destructive energy, and he writes to *The Times* that "most of the fourteenth century canopies have been cut out and cast aside in favour of journeyman copies." This is shocking and deplorable, and again raises the question of how long the keeping of our historical monuments is to be left in such incompetent and irresponsible hands.

Not the least of the achievements of Sir E. Ray Lankester, during his Directorship of the Natural History Museum, was the formation of a collection of domesticated animals, which as the years roll on will immensely increase in scientific value. His idea was to obtain the skins and skeletons of all the champions of the shows, both of birds and beasts, and already a wonderful collection has been brought together which will prove of the highest scientific value to the student of evolution. It represents Darwin's "Animals Under Domestication" in a concrete form. The latest addition to this Valhalla is the famous bulldog, Champion Nuthurst Doctor, which died in April last, when the skin and skeleton were generously presented to the museum by his owner, Mrs. Edgar Waterlow. This animal was one of the most celebrated bulldogs of his time, and the winner of a large number of prizes. Another noteworthy addition to this gallery is a statuette of the celebrated American race-horse Sycobny. This has been modelled to show the pose of a horse in galloping, and is the only one of its kind in this country.

AN ALTAR OF THE DESERT.

(In the oasis of Sidi-Okbar there is still to be seen an altar, brought from Tehouda, of which the dedication is: To the Unconquered God, by Marcus Messius Messor, Prefect of the Cohort.)

Far in the desert ways an altar stands
Built by a Roman in the days of old,
Forgotten now, his history untold,
Save for this one memorial of his hands.
Around it lie the pale Saharan sands,
Above, the Aurès mountains, red and gold,
Rear their proud heights; deep silences enfold
The peace unbroken of those tranquil lands.

O Prefect of the Cohort, hads: thou heard—
Here in thy place of exile, little trod,
Where still the changeless stars gaze down at night—
Some utterance of the One Incarnate Word
Ere on thy lonely altar thou didst write
These words of faith: "To the Unconquered God"?

ISABEL CLARKE.

It is announced that the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has refused to make an annual grant in support of the poultry-teaching at Reading. The result is that the council are going to close the college of poultry at Theale which has been conducted for the past eleven years as an educational centre and experimental station. This will involve the retirement of Mr. Brown, who, for fifteen years, has been lecturer on poultry at Reading College. No reason has been assigned for this step, but probably it was expected, as Mr. Brown has accepted the office of organiser for the National Poultry Organisation Society. Possibly the Government has come to the conclusion that it would be better to start an official experimental station of their own for poultry, and that this is only a cleaning of the slate for the new departure. Mr. Brown has done very good work at Theale and Reading, but the resources of any individual are bound to be heavily taxed, if not exhausted, during a period of fifteen years; and it might be well if an opportunity were given to some of the younger students of the science of poultry-keeping to see what advance could be made upon the older methods.

In spite of the strenuous and, in places, very successful efforts that have been made to exterminate the rats by means of one or other of the many bacterial agencies, we hear a great deal of complaint about them this spring. There is no doubt that

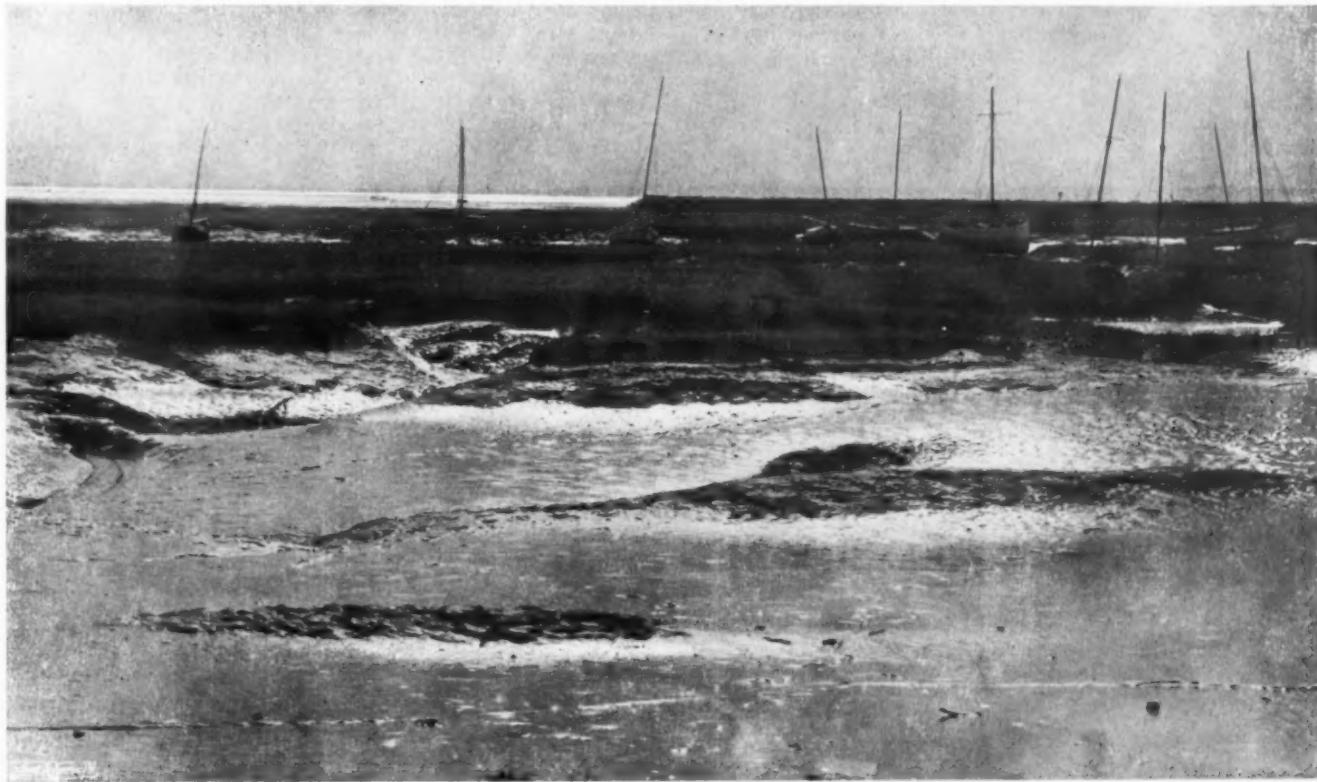
they have bred very freely, and what is more remarkable, that they seem to be distinctly above the average in size. From one or two widely-separated localities we hear the same report that "we've never seen such rats." Apart from their abnormal size, the numbers prove sufficiently that we shall never do any real and permanent good by occasional and purely local efforts. The rats are quick and ready travellers. They have been seen time and again moving in great armies, by night marches, from one district to another; and experience shows that, though you may kill down practically all the stock on one large estate, it will, within six months or so, be replenished from a neighbouring one where the same battle has not been waged with the rats. All points to the necessity of concerted, simultaneous action all over the kingdom.

A danger in the extermination of rats, however, is suggested by the experience of one large farmer, who told us that, having succeeded in getting rid of these vermin, he immediately found his granaries overrun by mice. Although so much smaller, it is almost doubtful whether they are not even a greater evil, because of their even more rapid propagation. The means, however, which are effective for destroying the rats may probably be relied on for the extermination of the smaller vermin also; but this, again, can only be done thoroughly if it be done everywhere at the same time. A further lesson which all that we see should teach is the necessity of sparing and encouraging all the creatures which prey on the rats and mice, especially the kestrel and all the owl tribe. It is even likely that it would be good policy to encourage weasels, which are probably the worst enemies the rats have. It appears that weasels do very little harm to winged game, though no doubt they take their toll of young rabbits. It need hardly be said that the same argument does not apply to the stoat.

The spring migrants have shown rather a striking departure from their normal habit this year in the different dates at which members of the same species have arrived in this country. It is a difference which has been most marked—or at least most easily noticed—in the case of the swallows. A very few arrived quite at the beginning of April, and it was indeed rather singular, considering how unusually cold it was and how backward all the floral growth, that most of the migrating birds made their appearance at just about their normal date. But only a few individuals of many of the species came thus up to time. Although a few swallows arrived early in April, it was not until much later that the majority of their kind were seen here. One of the prettiest and most useful of these migrants is certainly extending its range and increasing its numbers. This is the pied flycatcher, a very local bird. In Wales and all round its borders it is becoming quite common.

It has been very often observed that the flowers of a certain variety of the lime are fatal to bees, numbers of their corpses being found lying under the trees and many of the bees still feebly alive, but merely crawling as if in a dazed, drugged condition. What is less well known is that the "Darwin" tulips sometimes act as death traps to bees. The method in which the lime acts so fatally is not fully understood and requires more investigation, and certainly the reason of the deadliness of the tulips is not obvious. Many bees visit them, perhaps many times, without mischance. Then, whether it is that at some moments of its life the flower gives out more viscosity than at others, a bee seems wholly unable to escape from its calyx and perishes in that beautiful prison. It does not seem that the death of the insect is of service to the plant, as in the case of Venus's fly-trap and others of a carnivorous habit. It is all very curious.

ON THE MUDBANKS.



A WHITE THIN LINE OF SEA.

THE tide goes gently down with little lapping noises over the soft mud. Lazy wavelets run up the shining, slimy banks and slip back again with scarcely a line of bubbles to mark their limit, as though their dominion of the bank was not worth the effort of retaining. On the mud are reflected the blue morning sky and fleecy clouds of a brilliant winter's day—one of those rare visitors that sometimes come in January to make us long for June. North and south, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the mudbanks, fading inland into salt, marshy pastures, seaward into an ocean "so soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue," as the soldier observed, that it is difficult to believe that it is the stormy North Sea. A sooty cloud seen through a faint silvery haze marks the passing of a heavily-laden collier, and the beat of her labouring engines floats shoreward.

The plaintive bleat of sheep tells of farmsteads inland. Here and there deep channels lie between the banks. When the tide is up they are hidden; now the thick beds of grass-like weed with which they are almost choked stream seaward with the pull of the falling tide. Overhead a gull circles in the warm air, crying to his mates below. Down at the edge of the sea are a crowd of smaller birds. Here are curlews running on long, slender legs, stirring up worms and molluscs with their curved bills and hopping grotesquely to escape the unexpected wave that runs up higher than its fellows. Here are plump little knots grubbing stolidly and systematically, and continuing day by day "to grow a little fatter." Here are excitable, bustling duolins, scampering like mice and exclaiming in shrill chirrups at each *bon bouche* laid at their feet by the lazy sea, and elusive little sandpipers

that flit and balance like wagtails, or skim across pool and waterway in search of richer feeding-grounds.

Some of the birds, their hunger satisfied, are preening their feathers preparatory to taking their siesta. Others have already tucked their heads over their shoulders, and are doubtless dreaming to the lullaby of the sea of a golden shore where the tide is always falling and the shellfish have no shells. Somewhat apart from gulls and waders, a solitary bird is grubbing in a waterway. A glance is sufficient to tell that he is a stranger. A tall bird, snowy white, and crowned with a graceful, sweeping crest, he stoops to shovel from side to side in the mud with a broad, orange-barred bill. Occasionally he stands erect and surveys the scene with a nervous black eye. Finally, he ceases feeding and, turning landward, stands revealed as a rare visitor, a European spoonbill. The gulls ignore the stranger within their gates. "Here's - the - larder - help - yourself - and - for - goodness - sake - don't - scoop - up - the - whole - bank - with - that - great - shovel - of - yours" is what their attitude suggests. The spoonbill stalks to and fro in plaintive solitude, utters a hoarse croak and listens as though for reply, then falls to preening under his wings. The morning slips away. The murmur of the sea sounds faintly over the banks, and gulls, curlews and whatnot are basking in one-legged comfort, when the inevitable human being comes to put an end to their peace. A curlew gives the alarm. Up go the birds in protesting multitudes, the spoonbill conspicuous among them.

The report of a gun sounds a mere snap over the banks, but the spoonbill utters a hoarse cry and plucks wildly at his breast as he flies. A few feathers float slowly down into the waterway. Still flying gamely he turns to the south; but a second figure springs into sight (a preconcerted murder this) and the bird wheels seaward. A second report, another cry, and he drops visibly in his flight. A moment more and the wide-spread wings collapse. Down he pitches into the sea, far out of the gunner's reach. Only the gulls, screaming angrily at their rude awakening, see where the pitiful bundle of draggled feathers rises and falls on the swell, and thank the guardian spirit of the shore that it was the alien who fell.



THE BED OF THE CREEK.

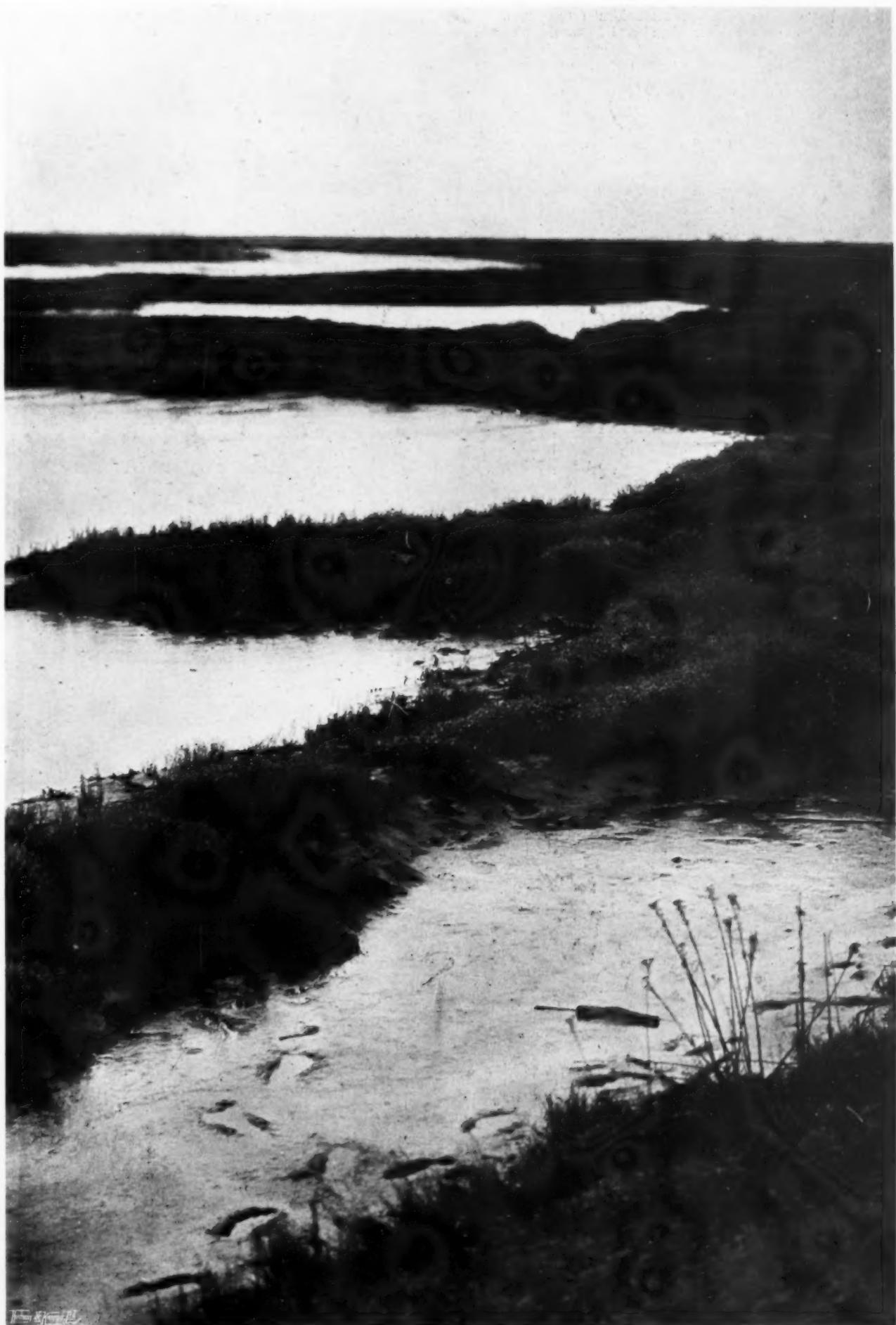
affording shelter to myriads of snailily things such as birds love. In the surrounding channel a veritable jungle of grass weed sways with the tides and feeds and hides shoals of tiny fish and crustacea. This is a favourite feeding-place for the brent geese, who are too wary to come in to the more sheltered banks. From this spot they have an uninterrupted way of escape seaward in case of alarm and a considerable stretch of open channel dividing them from the nearer shore. To-night suits them well. They come in from the sea under the light of a cloud swept moon, post sentinels and begin to feed, tearing at the roots of the weed which the tide has left exposed, gobbling and splashing with a noise that can be heard far and wide between the fitful gusts of a wind that has risen with sundown.

Into the Cut from one of the side streams comes a punt manned by two muffled-up men. Four others follow, and the fleet work continuously towards the sea—a slow, cold journey. Sometimes the night is so still that ducks can be heard feeding to an accompaniment of conversational quacking far behind and



ON THE SALT MARSHES.

As the day passes the warmth goes out of the air. With sunset it is January again. A high tide has rolled in once more, flooding the waterways and drowning the banks, and is once more receding. A great flight of duck—mallard, scaup and widgeon—stream across the darkening sky, making for some favourite feeding-ground up the coast. A thin new moon rises high above the sea, and from somewhere up near it floats down a great gabble as the shy grey geese pass seaward overhead, making for a safe roosting-place in the reedy wastes between the marsh and the sea. The big waterway, the Cut, as it is called, where the spoonbill fed in the sunshine, reappears. It is connected with the estuary a mile or so further down the coast by half-a-dozen smaller channels, and empties itself between the outer banks by as many more. At the point where the streams diverge a big bank has been formed, the summit of which, only submerged at high tide, is covered with a growth of aquatic weed, the sort of thing that, even to the unbotanically-minded, suggests water when seen from the land, or land when seen from the water,



"LONG INLETS OF SMOOTH GLITTERING SEA."

the sea moaning faintly in the distance ahead. The air is filled with the trickling of water as the banks drain into the network of channels. The cry of a distant widgeon sounds eerie in the gloom. Then a gust of wind rises, ruffling the water and sending a crescendo of icy splashes along the flat sides of the punts. As it passes inland the frozen reeds bend and hiss before it and a

captain gives the signal, and the flock is raked with the fire of the five swivel guns. Up and down the shore the volley echoes and dies away. The night is filled with the cries of startled birds and the beat of fleeting wings. The punts glide swiftly across the open water, and the men account for as many of the too numerous cripples as time and light permit ere collecting



*"FAIRY LAZY WAVES O'ERCREEP THE RIGID SAND,
OR TAP THE TARRY BOAT WITH GENTLE BLOW."*

sprinkle of snow shakes down from the light clouds. Under cover of fitful gust and fleecy cloud the punts creep on, and open into a semi-circle round the Great Bank. A ray of moonlight reveals the geese as a dark moving flock. Fortune, who so often has sent them empty away, favours the gunners to-night. The

their spoil. The rest of the flock are miles out to sea by the time they have finished and turn homeward counting their gains. The dealers will give them 1s. 6d. apiece for the birds. Only an hour ago it seemed a far cry from those lonely banks to Leadenhall Market.

O. K. MOORE.

A PIGMY BUFFALO.

ASOMEWHAT remarkable parallelism is presented by the hippopotamuses of Africa on the one hand and the buffaloes of South-Eastern Asia on the other, owing to the fact that in both instances there exist a giant and a pigmy species. There is, however, this difference, namely, that while the two kinds of hippopotamus are found in the same country, if not indeed in the same district, the two buffaloes are widely sundered in space, the giant species, which stands little, if at all, less than 6ft. at the shoulder, being a denizen of the tall grass-jungles of Assam, while its dwarf cousin, which is little more than half that height, is a native of the distant and little-known island of Celebes, where it is known to the natives by the name of "anoa." Here, perhaps, it may be permissible to mention that the name of the island, like trisyllabic Malay names in general, should be pronounced with the second syllable long—"Celébes," not "Celebés." Like the pigmy hippopotamus, which has been discussed in a previous article in these pages, the pigmy buffalo is by no means a diminutive replica of its gigantic cousin; on the contrary, it is in many respects a very peculiar and interesting little beast. In the first place, its horns, although triangular in section, are nearly straight, and have a much more upright direction than in the ordinary Asiatic buffalo; they are, in fact, very similar to those of a buffalo calf. This, it may be noted, is a feature by no means uncommon in groups of animals in which there are species presenting great variation in point of size, the smaller kinds in such instances frequently showing more or less marked similarity to the young of the larger ones. Still more remarkable is the fact that young anoas have a thick coat of woolly hair, generally of a bright golden or dark brown colour, this juvenile coat coming off in large fleece-like masses, as shown in the animal on the right side of the photograph, and being replaced by one of short hair, which is usually black, although in some of the cows it may also be brown. In very old bulls even the short coat may disappear more or less completely, when the black hide becomes nearly as bare as that of an ordinary domesticated Indian buffalo.

That an animal inhabiting a tropical island like Celebes should want, when a calf, a thick woolly coat like that of the young anoa is certainly very surprising; and when the existence of this coat was first made known from the evidence of calves born in Europe, it was suggested that the coat was an abnormal development due to the abnormal environment. This, of course, is, *prima facie*, highly improbable, and it is definitely disproved by specimens recently living in the Government Gardens at Trivandrum, on the Travancore, or Eastern, Coast of Madras, two of which are shown in the accompanying photograph, kindly sent to me by the Director of the Trivandrum Museum and Gardens. The female on the left side of the photograph, which had been living for five years at Trivandrum when her portrait was taken, has quite lost the infantile woolly coat and acquired a shorter one of golden brown hair; she stood 29½ in. at the shoulder. The young male on the right, which then stood only 27 in., was, as already mentioned, taken while in the very act of changing his juvenile coat.

It is thus definitely proved that the woolly coat of the anoa calf is a normal development; and we may perhaps account for its presence by regarding it as an inheritance from an ancestor which inhabited a colder climate than Celebes. This idea receives support from the fact that remains of extinct anoas, of considerably larger size than the existing species, have been found in Northern India, so that it is quite probable these animals may have formerly inhabited Central Asia, where the winters are intensely cold. Be this as it may, a further inspection of the photograph will show that the female has a pair of large, irregularly-shaped white spots on each side of the face, a large white patch on the chest,

and extensive white markings on the legs, more especially the front pair. The male, on the other hand, appears to be wholly dark-coloured, with the exception of white knee-caps. This might be taken as an indication that all the bulls are without white spots, and that the latter are characteristic of all the cows; but this is not the case, as whole-coloured and spotted individuals of both sexes are known. A bull mounted in the exhibition galleries of the Natural History Museum is, for instance, wholly black, and the same was the case with a bull and cow recently living in the Duke of Bedford's park at Woburn. On the other hand, there is a very considerable probability that these variations indicate the existence of two distinct species of pigmy buffaloes, one of which is wholly black when adult, while the other has the aforesaid white markings. This was suggested so long ago as 1889 by a German naturalist, Dr. K. M. Heller, who pointed out that since Celebes is a very large island, extending over nearly 8½ deg. of latitude, and embracing a land-area of no less than 3,300 square miles, there is every probability of its containing more than one kind of anoa.

When the annexed photograph, with an accompanying description, of the female dwarf buffalo was received from Trivandrum in 1905, I was of opinion that the brown colour of its coat and its small bodily size indicated its distinctness from the black anoa, and I accordingly suggested that it should be distinguished from the typical *Bos depressicornis* or *B. depressicornis fergusoni*, the third name being given in honour of Mr. H. S. Ferguson, who was at the time Director of the Government Museum and Gardens at Trivandrum. Whether these features are really of racial or specific value, I am, however,

at present somewhat uncertain, and it will accordingly be well to regard the white markings on the face, chest and legs as the most distinctive characteristics of the second race of pigmy buffalo. If it be eventually found that small size and the frequent presence of a brown coat in the female are additional characteristics of the white-marked race, its claims to distinction will be proportionately augmented. But the chief desideratum at the present moment is to ascertain whether the two forms inhabit separate areas in Celebes, and, if so, to obtain information with regard to the limits of their respective habitats. For such information we must look to local residents or the few travellers

The possibility of the

who from time to time visit Celebes, white-marked race being an inhabitant of a neighbouring island should not be overlooked.

The pigmy buffaloes are denizens of remote wooded mountains, and the cows, which at that time keep apart from the bulls, produce their calves in the densest covert. At other seasons they seem to associate in couples, unlike other buffaloes. They are extremely shy and difficult to detect; and it seems doubtful whether they have ever been seen alive by Europeans in the wild state. The natives of Macassar believe that, instead of lying down on the ground, anoas climb trees, where they sleep on a kind of platform. The first specimen kept in captivity by Europeans was one in the menagerie of the Governor-General at Barrakpur, near Calcutta, in 1816, which afforded to General Hardwick an opportunity of giving a description of the animal. In 1845 the naturalists Quoy and Gaimard, on their return from an Eastern voyage, brought at least two anoas to Paris, one of which was sent to the then Earl of Derby's menagerie at Knowsley, where it survived only till the following February. In August, 1863, the Rotterdam Zoological Gardens received their first anoa, and from that date the species appears to have been continuously represented in that establishment. In twenty-six years these gardens possessed ten bulls and eight cows; of these eighteen specimens three were born in the gardens, four were sold and one was killed on account of being blind. Of the other ten, one bull lived in the menagerie for twelve years and nine months, and a second nine years and six months, while two cows survived six and a-quarter years and another of the same sex over five years in captivity.

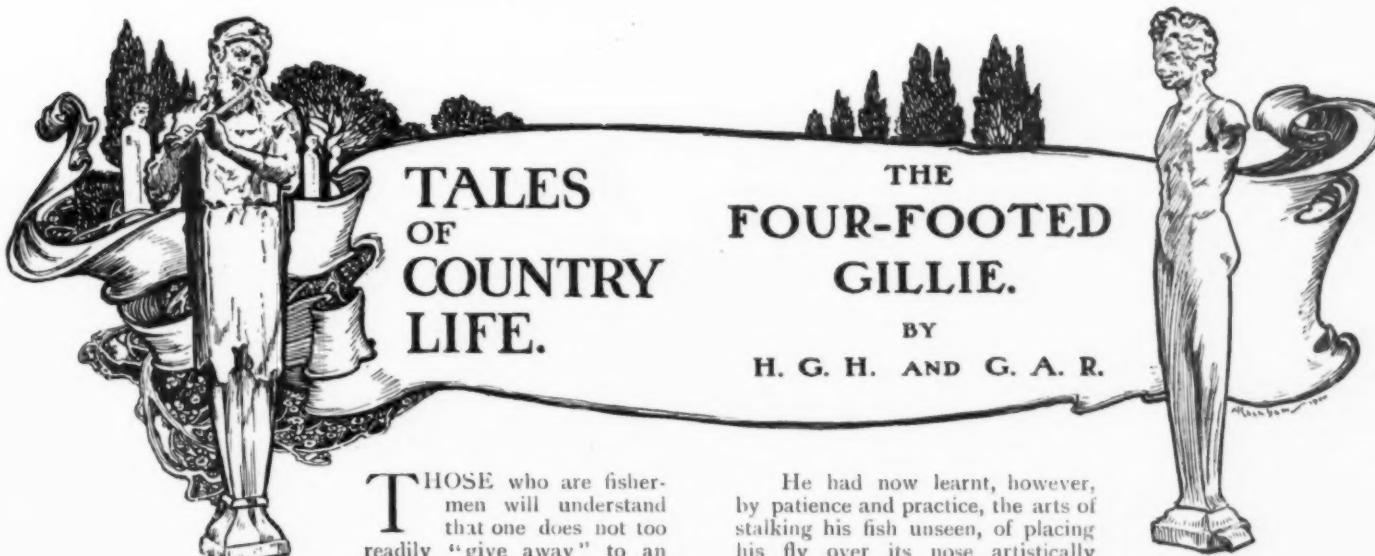
R. L.



PIGMY BUFFALOES.



THE FALLS OF CLYDE AT CORRA LINN.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE FOUR-FOOTED GILLIE.

BY
H. G. H. AND G. A. R.

THOSE who are fishermen will understand that one does not too readily "give away" to an unappreciative public the name of a certain rather obscure stream which ripples forth from the Wiltshire Downs and descends to a pastoral country of water-meadows below, where it widens out to a respectable magnitude. This reticence may be the better appreciated when it is said that within its banks lie trout of a size which only a river thus issuing from the chalk seems able to nourish, and that it is the custom of the angler in these waters to return to them any fish taken out that is less than a level pound in weight. By the side, then, of this stream, which we leave in an obscurity which is one of its brightest merits, there lived, in a little house of modest rental, an oldish gentleman alone, save for two servants and a black retriever, Nabob.

"The Colonel," as he was always called in the village (his name matters no more than that of the river itself), was a retired officer of the Indian Army, living on his half-pay pension in this secluded and economical neighbourhood. If you should succeed in persuading him to talk of his doings—but this would happen seldom—he would announce himself as a very ardent sportsman, and, indeed, the walls of his house, decorated with trophies of the tiger and the bear, told of the great game he had followed. Now, in the evening of his days, his sporting propensity had to find its indulgence in angling for the trout in the stream which went by his house, and no disciple of the great leader was ever more devoted in the service.

The fishing was not his own—he did not even rent a rod on the river, much less hire a piece of the water for his exclusive use. His small pension did not permit him such indulgences. He fished entirely by virtue of the friendship and permission of the big squire of the place, who owned an extensive property on the other side of the river.

Caring more for riding and estate management than for his fishing, the squire was glad enough to give this pleasure to his neighbour, to whom it was the chief, it might almost truly be said the only, interest of his days. He knew every pool, every swirl, it might almost be said every fish, and its haunts and feeding-places in the mile or two of the river over which his leave extended. Certainly, he knew every fish of note. It was said that the trout ran up to no less than 5lb. in weight in this water which was so well stocked with rich feeding for them, and there was, at least, one fish very well known to him, which the Colonel believed to be even larger. It lay under a willow. Except in the spawning-time, when all fish shift their quarters, it was always to be found there, always within a yard or two of the same spot. It did not trouble itself ever to go out on the shallows to feed like its smaller brethren. It is hardly necessary to put on record the terms on which the Colonel stood with this notorious fish. Knowing the man and the trout, it need hardly be said that the former had angled for the latter again and again, and obviously too, always, so far, without success, for otherwise the fish would not have been there, but would have been grinning from a glass case among the trophies of tiger and bear in the Colonel's parlour.

There were two circumstances combining to explain the continued residence of this great fish in the river. In the first place, the spot which it frequented was a very difficult one to fish, not only because the trout would rise just beneath the down-drooping branches of a willow, but also because, sooth to say, the Colonel himself, for all his keenness, was not really a finished artist with the dry-fly. His education had been on other rivers than those which come out of the chalk, and demand, *de rigueur*, that the fly shall float on the surface if the dainty fish is to accept it. He had gained some proficiency with the wet-fly, but, as every angler knows, that is "another story."

He had now learnt, however, by patience and practice, the arts of stalking his fish unseen, of placing his fly over its nose artistically enough if there were no baffling wind and no current which would seize the gut and cause the fly to "drag" unnaturally, but had no skill to fight against these adverse conditions as the really scientific angler learns to fight them. Nabob, the black retriever of the Colonel, had developed, entirely on his own initiative, a like habit. When his master hooked a fish he would dash into the water, circle round to the further side, so that he did not come into collision with the gut, and, seizing the fish firmly but gently in his jaws, as the opportunity offered, would bring it out, with much triumph and tail-wagging, to the bank.

It was not a performance which helped much towards preserving the equanimity of any other fish that happened to be rising near the one which was hooked; but it was so fine a thing in itself, and the dog, which was the delight of the Colonel's heart, took so keen a pleasure in it, that the master could not, and did not care to, restrain him. It had become Nabob's habit, on the hooking of a fish, to dash into the water, unrebuked, and watch his opportunity.

The patient expectancy with which Nabob had lain on the bank, his ears eagerly cocked, while the Colonel angled again and again, and always vainly, for the great trout beneath the willow, seemed to show that he, too, knew this fish to be something different from the common run of trout in the river. On that day, if indeed it ever came, when the Colonel should hook that cunning and evasive monster, it seemed likely that Nabob would go absolutely off his head with joy and excitement.

And so the lives of the three—man, dog and fish—went on in a current as constant and placid as that of the very river itself meandering through the meadows; and so it seemed as if they were likely to go on. But when the owner of the adjacent land died, it was found that he had been as improvident as he was kindly. His affairs turned out to be in a wholly unsuspected and utterly hopeless muddle. The property was put up for sale and was bought for a great sum by a man of whom nothing was known except that he had made a large fortune by "something in the City." There could not possibly have been a type which sounded less likely to assimilate kindly with the disposition of the Colonel, the old crusted military Conservative, across the stream. The last word in the Colonel's discomfiture seemed to be said when it was mooted that the new purchaser was an extremely keen fisherman, and that the excellence of the fishing was the first reason for his giving what was really something like a fancy price for his lately-acquired property.

"No, sir," observed the Colonel to the Vicar, as they discussed the changed position (the Colonel was of the old-fashioned school, preserving the ceremonious style of address in which the respectful "Sir" was frequently introduced), "No, sir, I shall not call. There is likely to be little in common between such a man and myself. I should be much too much of an old fogey for him, and his type is not at all that which attracts me." The days, therefore, of the Colonel's content were now altogether spent. He was as one who is suddenly bereaved of a lifelong and close companion. The river was taken away from him by a perfectly legal process, which made its recovery hopeless. Disconsolately he walked along its banks, Nabob, with depressed ears and dependent tail, by his side. Now and again they approached the stream to look into its translucent depths at the old familiar finny friends to whom they might no longer send out the long line of invitation.

The Colonel was not a great admirer of the poets, but he frequently found himself murmuring, to the accompaniment of the ripple of the waters, that "a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." Now and again, across the stream, he would see the new owner, rod in hand, and at such

times the Colonel would withdraw from observation, partly because he could hardly bear to look upon this man who had taken all the joys that used to be his, and partly out of a kind of shame and shyness lest the man of property should detect him in the act of covetously regarding things that were not his own.

He had been true to his word to the Vicar and had not called. Twice, coming from church, he had been brought face to face with the newcomer in such a proximity that in this country place, where everybody knew everybody, it almost amounted to a marked slight that he had not so much as bowed his head in courteous recognition. But he had held his military figure if anything rather more stiffly erect than ever and had passed on, conveying the intimation that a tacit hostility was to be the keynote of their relation.

So it went on until, on a day, coming to the river-side, the Colonel perceived this neighbour of the opposite bank obviously commencing to pay his addresses to the big fish below the willow. When first noticed he was in the act of dropping on his knee, having observed the fish's rise, preparatory to a Red-Indian-like crawl, serpent-wise, through the grass, until he should attain just the right position below the fish's feeding spot. The Colonel, for all his instinctive dislike of the man, could not withhold a tribute of admiration for the angler and the masterly way in which, even before throwing the fly, he gave evidence of grasping all the component parts of the complicated problem which the fish, thus lying, presented. The Colonel realised that this man, new to the river, probably for the first time introducing himself to this trout which had been the Colonel's friend so long, had worked himself instinctively, as it seemed, into the exact spot which the Colonel's repeated experience had shown him to be the best from which to offer the fly to the fish. In his interest, his excitement and his reluctant admiration, the Colonel had unconsciously drawn, step by step, nearer the bank to watch the performance. He was perfectly unaware that he had moved from the place from which he had first caught sight of the approaching angler. Of another fact he also was unaware—that Nabob had moved with him, step for step also, as he came nearer, and was now standing, cock-eared, trembling with eagerness, as absorbed as the Colonel himself in the arrangements for the duel between the angler and the fish.

The Colonel was near enough now to see every detail of the encounter. The first cast was a fine one. The fly, after a few preliminary essays to get the length, went out straight and fell lightly just below the branches of the willow, a foot or so above the nose of the rising fish. Instantly the swifter-running current just on the angler's side of the fish's rise took the gut which lay upon it, and, with just a tiny wake behind it—tiny, but such as no natural fly floating on the surface ever carried with it—the fly went over the fish, who declined all notice of it. And the Colonel smiled grimly. The fly had been deftly cast, but he, too, could do this—had done it, many a time. He waited. So did the angler. Waited till the fish, having recovered from any agitation which this strangely-acting fly might have aroused in it, had risen once and again at a natural insect. Then the angler took a trial flick or two and threw again. This time the line did not fly out quite so straight. As it came forward over the water the thrower seemed to do something with his wrist, and in response the line fell wavy, rather as a bungler's line will fall—only, the fly still fell precisely as before, a foot and a-half, maybe, above the fish's nose, and the bulge of the wavy line fell up-stream, so that the first force of that swifter-going current on the angler's side of the fish spent itself in straightening the gut and gave no pull at all on the fly, which went down perfectly life-like to the fish. And the Colonel groaned aloud, for he knew that in all his years of trying he had never been able to offer his fly like this to the great trout. With the groan of the Colonel there came a flop and then a flutter and a great wave of trouble beneath the willow. The flop was the sound of the fish that took the fly, and the flutter and the wave were the mighty commotion that happened as soon as the big trout realised that this fly was not like all others that had come to its ready maw. The fight of playing the fish had begun. The Colonel was a gallant man, and for all his disappointments, for all the natural soreness of one who sees another win at the first time of asking that which he has vainly wooed for years, he sang out "Bravo!" in generous admiration. Doubtless it was in something of the same gallant and appreciative spirit that Nabob also simultaneously gave vent to an irrepressible yowl of excitement and, dashing past his master, rushed into the water with the obvious intention of aiding the angler retrieve the fish.

Now the canine intelligence is remarkable, but it has its limits. It had been the habit of Nabob, on going into the water to retrieve fish hooked by his master, to swim out to that side of the river remote from him, thus avoiding all contact with the line. On this occasion he acted obediently according to the instinct which that habit had called into existence. It was in vain that his master shouted to him and cursed him, first in simple English, and secondly in fluent Hindustani, which is a far better tongue for the purpose. It must be remembered that

this was the big fish, which Nabob had watched, as his master angled for him, so long. He was lost to all human calling, even in the rich language of the Orient. Swimming carefully round the struggling fish, to the side further from the Colonel, he came in violent, inevitable contact with the slender line by which the angler on the opposite bank was connected with the trout. Equally inevitably the delicate gut broke short. The curtain on a painful tragedy is best rung quickly down. The passions succeeded each other with remarkable celerity. First eager hope, in two human and one canine breasts and struggles of despair on the part of the fish. In a moment, by the dog's inconsiderate conduct, immeasurable relief of the strain experienced by the fish, sheer disappointment in the canine heart disappointment mingled with some fury for the angler's share and for the Colonel's, fury so intense that no other emotion had a chance of blending with it.

He raged at the well-intentioned Nabob, shouted across the stream apologies of an abject nature to the man whom he had resolved that he never would address; but as for that angler himself, he spoke never a word, but reeled in the broken line and went away from the river back to the big house.

That day the Colonel lunched without appetite. Nabob, who dined at the same time, had abundant appetite, but was given little chance of indulgence. The bread and water of affliction and penance were his portion. In the afternoon the Colonel went to the big house with pockets which certainly should have looked bulgier than they did, for he told himself that he had put his pride in them; and of that quality he had plenty. The new owner of the big house was at home. The Colonel was shown in. His host recognised him at once, but yet received him with a perfect cordiality which softened the Colonel's heart instantly—though he had sworn to himself that it should not be softened, in spite of the pocketed pride. In the halting, confused manner of a man whose speeches are usually abbreviated to the measure of the words of command, the Colonel explained the occurrence, the reason for Nabob's unwarrantable conduct, his own inextinguishable regret. His apology was halting, like his explanation, but it was handsome.

His host, however, hardly seemed to notice it. He waved that part of the story aside. He was interested in the account of Nabob's proficiency as a gillie, but what interested and pleased him a great deal more was to find that he had for a neighbour one who was so keen a fisherman.

"It is the one thing I have been wanting," he declared to the Colonel, with a warmth that seemed really genuine—"a kindred spirit. I had no idea you were a fisherman. Why, of course, you may fish all day and every day—shall be only too pleased if you will. I have to be in Town most days of the week. Besides, there's plenty of water for two rods—more than enough. We've given that big fish a toothache, I'm afraid, for the present, but he'll be rising all right in a day or two, and we'll be at him again. I admit I was annoyed for a moment, when your dog went dashing into the water and broke my cast, but I'm quite ready to give him a gold medal now, or a bone, which, perhaps, he'd like better, for the good turn he's done me in giving me a friend to fish with. That is, if you will permit me to call you friend. Will you?"

And the Colonel, with a vision of the silvery bends of the river, and the circles breaking the surface as a fish rose merrily to the fly, stuffed his pockets a thought the tighter with another dose of pride, and graciously said he would.

IN THE GARDEN.

AN EPICURE IN QUEST OF VEGETABLES.—BUTTER BEANS.

IT is many years now since I was exploring the gardens around Paris and made my first acquaintance at luncheon with a very large-podded Bean called *Mange-tout*. Very pleasant it was, the whole flesh being edible and even delicate. Since those days the kinds have increased and some valuable ones have been raised; but the knowledge of them spreads very slowly in other countries. I have made several trials with them, and not always successfully. They do not seem to grow either so large or so tender as in the Valley of the Seine, but my soil was not very favourable; they ought to have a rich and light soil and a warm corner.

France is so rich in *Haricots* and Beans of all kinds that it is almost confusing to consider these, or how they have arisen, but the main thing is that they are distinct and good. In France they are known as *Haricot Beurré*, and some are nearly butter-coloured. The best varieties are *Mont d'Or* (a runner), *Dugoin* (a dwarf), *Saint Fiacre* (a runner) and *Bon Jardinier* (a dwarf). Last year I was more successful than usual with *Mont d'Or*, which was so good that I expected to regale myself on it on several occasions; but one evening the pheasants visited it, and there was not a whole pod of it left on the line the next morning. The usual treatment for Kidney Beans as regards season will do; but as the plant is something of a novelty to our cultivators, it is best to give it a warm corner and good rich soil.

The cooking is simple, and the way common with us of allowing Beans of all kinds to get too old will not hurt it so much, though, no doubt, it has its time of best condition. I would on no account be without it, and in a well-stocked garden there should always be a corner for Butter Beans.

WITLOOF.

One fine summer morning I was, with the late George Nicholson, Curator of Kew, in the botanic garden at Grenoble, which is interesting for its trees, shrubs and flowers, and we both agreed that the handsomest plant in the place was a tuft of the common Chicory with its myriad blue stars. It is a native plant, pretty in the chalky fields in Kent and elsewhere, and there are few plants to which we are more indebted for good "green food." We have the Barbe salad of the French markets, and we have the chicory which is so much used, unhappily, for mixing with coffee and is often adulterated itself; and now we have this good vegetable coming to us from Belgium largely, though there is little reason why it should not be grown in England. And it is well worth growing. It is a distinct vegetable, with a welcome,

Its true use is as a cooked vegetable, braised or boiled, or in other ways, but it is certainly not at its best as a salad, but rather as a pleasant change from the ordinary vegetables. If we use Chicory as a salad the best way is to raise the more slender Barbe du Capucine form of it, as is done in France.

The Belgian way of marketing Witloof is to dig up the crop and reduce the roots and cut off the tops about 2in. from the neck, the roots being shortened at the same time and any side shoots cut away. These are then planted thickly and deeply in trenches in the earth in the open air, in a dry place quite below the level of the soil, and out of reach of frost. Then stable manure is heaped over them, so that after three weeks the strong heads are ready. Dry soil is heaped between the roots and over them to a depth of 6in., the trenches being usually about 4ft. wide. Where the plants are forced in succession the layer of manure over is 10in. or 1ft. deep, but for private use some simpler way would be desirable, as in the Mushroom house, or in a warm dry shed or cellar. Messrs. Vilmorin and Co. wrote me, some years ago, that the attempts of French growers to put manure under the roots, as they do in the case of the Barbe, had not been



J. M. Whitehead.

RHODODENDRON FLOWERS.

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bitter flavour, unlike anything we know of from vegetables or roots, tending, as these do, to the starchy or sugary state. It is sent in large quantities to our markets, though it should be as easily grown here as any native plant. There is some absurd fiscal burden on the cultivation of the common Chicory, which I hope would not apply to a little garden cultivation, the duty on English Chicory being as much as 12s. per cwt.

As regards the Witloof, it is a vigorous variety of the common plant. After it is raised in summer it is transferred to shelter and warmth in winter, and comes in all through that season and far into the spring.

It is best to keep to the name of Witloof for this vegetable, the name Chicory being so much in use for the wild plant and for other things. It is also important to get seed of the true plant, which is a strong and distinct variety, and if we do not begin with the real thing we fail. Things of this sort are too often treated as curiosities in a half-hearted way, whereas the plant deserves a regular place in the garden and to be well grown and blanched. It is usually sown in early summer in our country, but in France later, as the growth is sufficient by autumn there to ensure good crops. It is sown in drills about 15in. apart rather finely, and is easily raised. One foot at least should be allowed between the plants in the line. The plants are usually taken up in October or November and forced in the same way as Seakale or Rhubarb, but for domestic use it is easy to force it slowly in the Mushroom house, or in a warm shed.

It is curious to be told that Witloof is fit for salad, when it would require teeth like a machine to manage it in that form.

at all successful in giving the close-set cone-shaped imported heads that one sees in the markets. W. R.

THE RHODODENDRON.

WHEN the Rhododendron opens its flowers, and the Azalea is bursting too into gorgeous bloom, we realise that summer is at hand. The illustration shows the Rhododendron flower used for indoor decoration, and plants of strong growth are much appreciated for this form of floral adornment. One delights most in the self colours, avoiding the purples and magentas, and relying more upon the exquisite tints of the Pink Pearl type. Flowers are always welcome, but for large vases and bowls the Rhododendron, Peony and even flowering shrubs are the most suitable.

GRAPES OF GOOD FLAVOUR.

A very interesting note is published in the recently-issued Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society. It refers to the "little-known Grapes of good flavours." One knows the worthlessness as regards flavour of the large-berried kinds; it is the Frontignan forms that bring joy to the dessert, and in this age when so much attention is being drawn to vegetables and fruits, it is a pleasure to read such notes as appear in the society's journal. I may mention that the society's garden is at Wisley. The note is as follows: "There are many indications that the craze for size and appearance in fruit is on the wane, and those possessing first-class flavour are again finding favour. Among new Grapes 'Prince of Wales' is sure to take a leading position, because of its splendid appearance, size, and flavour. It originated as a sport from 'Mrs. Pince,' and possesses all the excellent qualities of its parent, with the addition of a handsome bunch of perfect form, a larger blue-black berry of a roundish-oval shape, and a crisp delicious Muscat flavour. At Wisley it has proved a strong, sturdy grower, free bearer, and very free settler. Another remarkably fine Grape,

by no means new, but seldom seen, is 'Muscat Champion,' one of the boldest berried varieties grown, quite as large as 'Gros Colmar' or 'Canon Hall Muscat,' but of a foxy-red colour, tinged with green; many not only object to this colour, but some might imagine the fruit was not properly ripe; yet in spite of this, no finer flavoured Grape is grown, and where high quality is desired it can be strongly recommended. In the Wis'ey collection it was much admired for its big bunches, robust habit and superb flavour. Another red or foxy Grape that used to be extensively grown, but is now rarely met with, is 'Grizzly Frontignan'—the best of all the Frontignan varieties—with a long slender bunch of small red berries of the most exquisite flavour. All the Frontignans are

delicious, but none will compare with the 'Grizzly.' One of the earliest and smallest berries! Grapes is 'Ascot Citronelle,' ripening its fruit quite a fortnight before 'Black Hamburg' growing in the same house; the flavour is excellent, the bunches rather small, but abundantly produced and the berries a lovely amber tint when fully ripe. For pot cultivation this is a valuable variety. We have nowhere seen or heard of this variety except in the Society's Gardens. 'Lady Hastings' is another new Grape, a sport from 'Muscat Hamburg,' with all the delicious flavour of its parent, but with a stronger constitution, not so fastidious as to soil and treatment as 'Muscat Hamburg,' and bearing larger bunches and berries."

C.

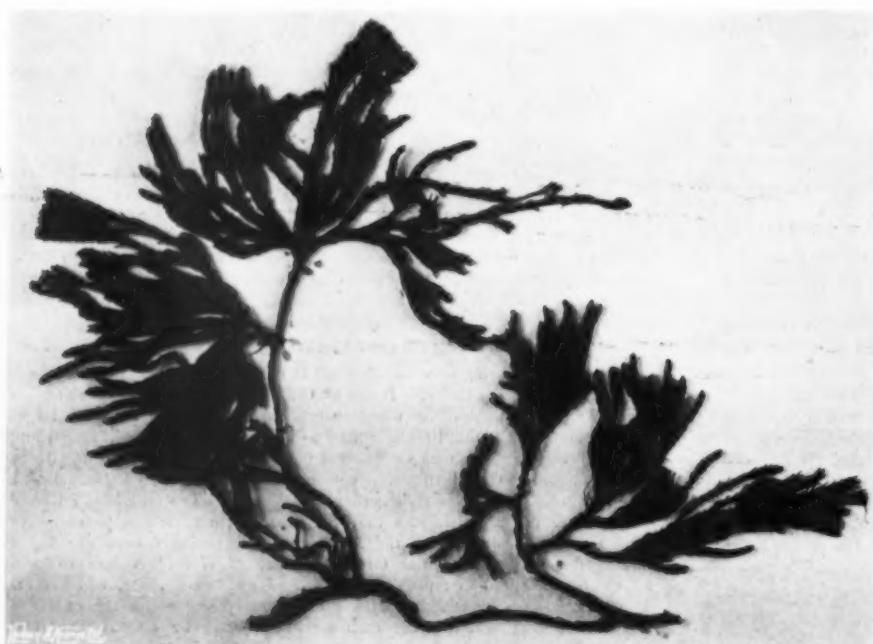
OUR BRITISH CLUB-MOSSES.

Of our six native club-mosses only one—the interrupted club-moss—is decidedly rare. This fact rather damps the natural impression everyone has on gathering that some special prize has been discovered. The idea of infrequency of appearance is doubtless due to their limitation to mountainous and moorland regions, although in the case of the marsh club-moss these moors may be quite low-lying ones. The most widely-dispersed of the genus, the common club-moss (*Lycopodium clavatum*), grows in ninety-five out of the hundred and twelve "vice-counties" into which, for botanical purposes, Great Britain was divided by the late H. C. Watson. So that anyone interested in highland growths may be fairly sure of coming upon it at one time or another in his explorations. Despite this commonness, when he does he is not entirely human if an unwonted exhilaration does not possess his spirit. One such occasion I remember when, wandering at sunset on Exmoor, I met two boys with their caps bedecked with the long green trails, just as Iseult's children are represented in Matthew Arnold's poem twining them round their hats. They had, I found, been gathering "wurts" (whortle-berrys), and, in addition to their eight or nine quarts of the ripe fruit, had carried off this trophy. I resisted the inclination to apostrophise them, Wordsworth-fashion, as "Sweet Highland" boys, and made, instead, prosaic enquiries as to where they had found their treasure, which, before we parted, they had insisted on my appropriating. Next day I set off on the quest, and on the slopes of the hill, 1,500ft. high, where the plant abounded I had my fill of delight. Lying full length on the heather, I slowly



Lycopodium clavatum.

disentangled from the grass among it the creeping trails of the piece shown in the first illustration. It was a work of some care to loosen without breaking, for at intervals the stems are firmly fastened into the ground by the bunched fibres of the pale rootlets. At each new clump—and there were scores up the ascent—I was tempted to linger thus, so that it took me some hours to reach the summit of the height, crowned, as are several of our Southern hills, by the mounds and trenches of an old Roman "castle." From it the view stretched over the whole mid-plain of Devon, as far as the range of Dartmoor on the south. There quite clearly visible was the twin peak of Haytor, on which I had stood the week before. From every point that justifies well its name, meaning the "high" tor. Whenever now I take out the dried specimens I brought away of this club-moss, their still lingering fragrance brings back to me the freshness and glory of those wind-swept wastes where they grew. I feel again the hot sun which drew out the aroma that seemed the very essence of all the odours shed forth by grass and flower, together with the elemental earth-scent that is sweetest of all to the "children of the open air." While this particular club-moss is still frequent on Exmoor, it is, alas! on Dartmoor almost extinct, owing to the latter having become a region so much visited. I know of spots there where I can still find it, but printer's ink shall never by me be trusted with their names. As in the case of the one locality there in which so late as 1902 a single plant still existed of the Mount Ida whortle-berry, revelation would mean extinction. The conscience of the botanist is as yet a mere rudimentary faculty, needing careful education! If it be objected that I myself purloined some plants of this club-moss, I reply, "Yes, but not until I had satisfied myself that there



Lycopodium alpinum.

were around many dozen more, and some of these with fruiting stems that ensured the plant's future increase." Such stems will be observed in the photograph standing up straight from the main creeping trail. When gathered, they shake out over everything a cloud of yellow powder. These are the propagating spores set free from the ripe spore-cases of the fruit-spikes. It was from a fancied resemblance in these forked fertile stems to a wolf's foot that the plant was called *Lycopodium*. The English name of "club-moss" is derived from the

thickened apex of these same branches, being, in some species, as in the fir club moss shown in the fifth illustration, thickened like a club. "Stag's-horn moss" and "Fox's tail," the latter another North Country name, explain themselves. So does the Swedish name "Matte grass," when one notices how the branches cross each other, and, interlacing, form a green network over the ground.

As a matter of fact, the club-mosses are neither mosses, grasses, nor ferns, although, like the horse-tails, they are frequently included in books concerned with



LYCOPODIUM ANNOTINUM.

hairy leaves, set upon a tough string, very close couched and compact together; from which are also sent forth certaine other branches, like the first; in sundrie places there be sent downe fine little strings, which serve instead of roots, wherewith it is fastened to the upper part of the earth, and taketh hold likewise upon such things as grow next to it. There spring also from the branches bare and naked stalks, on which grow certain eares, as it were, like the catkins or blowings of the hasell (hazel) tree, in shape like a little club, or the reed-mace, saving that it is much lesser, and of a yellowish-white colour, very much resembling the clawe of a wolf; whereof it hath its name." He is wrong, however, when he adds that "the knobby catkins are altogether barren, and bring forth neither seede nor flowre." His

notice of the conspicuous hair at the point of each leaf shows how closely he had observed the plant. It is these hairs that in the mass tone the very bright vivid green and give the whole tuft almost a glaucous appearance. The expression "close couched" well indicates the imbricated character of the leaf-growth, each small leaf overlapping the other like the tiles of a house. In the savin-leaved club-moss (*L. alpinum*), in the second illustration, these overlapping leaves are in four rows, and so closely pressed around the branches that they resemble those of the *Juniperus sabina* or savin. I do not know of its being found in the South of our country, but on Snowdon, where I gathered the specimen from which the photograph was taken, upon the slopes around the Snowdon Ranger track, it was growing among the grass as freely as the angler's "scouring moss" (*Brachythecium purum*) does in lowland meadows. The interrupted club-moss (*L. annotinum*), in the third picture,



L. INUNDATUM.

the ferns. The three orders of the ferns, the horse-tails and the club-mosses, to venture for a moment into the technicalities of the subject, are, indeed, botanically classed together as the group *Pteridophyta*, all exhibiting the interesting phenomena of alternate generation. The club-mosses also share with the horse-tails the distinction of being living representatives of some of the plants found in the coal-fields. The fossil *Lepidodendra* of the carboniferous formation were, in reality, gigantic club-mosses, although growing to the height of stately trees. Degenerate descendants are our lowly plants of those noble ancestors; but in the structure of their stems, branches, leaves and fruit they closely resemble the extinct species. Of that structure it is difficult to better the description of old Gerarde: "Some pieces thereof are six or eight feet long, consisting, as it were, of many

L. SELAGO.

is so called from the leaves being at intervals smaller and less spreading where the new growth of each



SELAGINELLA SELAGINOIDES.

year begins in the upright branches sent out from the creeping stem. The particularly fine specimen shown in the photograph is from Norway, for, though a British plant, it is difficult here to find so truly representative a piece. The little marsh club-moss (*L. inundatum*), in the fourth illustration, is an insignificant plant, calling for no remark; but the fir club-moss (*L. Selago*), next to it, has a different habit from any of the others, inasmuch as it grows quite upright, instead of creeping along the ground. It is distinguished also by the large, hard capsules not being borne on separate spikes, but in the axils of the upper leaves, where they look like little green buds. The smallest of our British club-mosses, the *Selaginella selaginoides*, in the last illustration, is, of course, a native relative of the familiar

Selaginella caesum of our greenhouses. It bears two kinds of fruit, the lower spore-cases containing three or four grains, the upper ones the dust-like powder. A very interesting series of articles on the fructification of the club-mosses appeared last year in the "New Phytologist," and to those I must refer any readers who wish to investigate microscopically the structure of these interesting plants, that, to us who love them, seem in their small way to be perpetually weaving green bands to bind us to the bosom of Mother Earth. Such of the plants photographed as are not from my own herbarium are from that of Mr. W. P. Hiern, to whom I must express my indebtedness for his kindly allowing me the use of them for the purpose of illustrating this article.

C. E. LARTER.

THE EEL INDUSTRY AT ALDEBURGH.

THE industry of catching eels, if one may term it an industry at all, can be followed up at Aldeburgh. The fishermen here, when the spratting is over and before the soles come in, have a very slack time. Some spend their time in mending nets, others in repairing boats and others in doing absolutely nothing except walking up and down and gossiping. But to the energetic ones there is sometimes a small amount of money to be made by catching eels, or, as it is locally known, "eel-pritching," or if money is not made, many good meals are to be had, composed of eels served up in various ways. One old fisherman may swear by eel pie; another, perhaps, stewed eels; a third may have a special way of preparing the fish which appeals to his own particular appetite. The method of catching eels is very simple, provided circumstances are favourable and it is the right time of year. The eels are to be found in the dykes that run through the "North Fields" on the north side of Aldeburgh; also near Thorpe, and many, too, in the mud-flats of the river Alde on the south side of the town. Some pritching is done from a punt or other flat-bottomed boat which does not draw much water, as the eels are best speared where the water is shallow. The greater part of the pritching is done alongside the dykes, the pritcher standing near the edge of the dyke and driving his pritch into the soft mud and quickly withdrawing it. There is no experience required to catch the fish. It is purely a matter of luck, though the work is very tiring, and one will require a pretty tough skin to stand the pritch running through the hands without bad blisters ensuing. The eel, when caught, if a fairly large one (that is, one weighing about 2lb.), will require a certain amount of pull to withdraw it from the mud in which it wriggles.

During the summer, when the water is warm, the eels "fly" along the mud; but directly the winter comes, and the water gets cold, the fish burrow into the mud

and bury themselves in it. Sometimes a fisherman may catch several stone of eels in a day, at other times several pounds. The catch depends mainly on luck, as the eels in places collect very close together in the mud, and as they are always beneath the mud in the winter—the time when the pritching is done—it is impossible to find out for certain where the fish are thickest. On one occasion three men were lucky enough to get no less than five bushels of eels in a day. A strange fact is that the fresh-water eel cannot live for any length of time in salt water, nor can the salt-water eel—that is, the conger eel—live in fresh water. The fresh-water eels that are caught at Aldeburgh come from as far as fourteen miles inland, and as they breed very quickly there are generally plenty to be pritched. Fresh-water eels fetch a fair price, but by the time carriage, etc., to London has been paid there is a very small margin of profit for the fishermen. Doubtless, from the point of exercise, eel-pritching must be very fine and exhilarating, but as a remunerative industry it leaves much to be desired. The pritch with which the eels are speared is a very barbarous-looking weapon, and one can only hope for the sake of the eels that they have no feelings when they are stuck on the ends of the prongs.

as otherwise their prolonged death must be the most diabolical cruelty. There are other things besides eels that are to be caught on the pritch, such as old sticks, weeds and the endless collection of rubbish that is to be found at the bottom of a shallow dyke.

A fisherman at Aldeburgh tells a tale of the largest eel he had ever seen. It was a conger eel, and, apparently, had been washed up by the sea and stranded on the sand when the tide receded. It weighed no less than 63lb., and though brought home about eleven o'clock at night and left in a yard till

the next morning it was still alive at daybreak. The eel in question was sold to a local fish-merchant for three shillings, and, doubtless, ended its history in a fried fish shop. Most of the eels caught at Aldeburgh are eaten by the fishermen during the winter months and very few are sent away. The average eel is about 14in. to 18in. long and weighs very little over 1lb. to 2lb.



THE DOWN STROKE OF THE PRITCH.



THE PRITCH.



A SUCCESSFUL STROKE.

The fish are supposed to possess a very delicate flavour, and in the winter, when the fishermen are very hard up, as they often are, especially if the spratting season has been bad, a meal of eels, which will cost them practically nothing, is most acceptable. There is no doubt that these "toilers of the deep" are faced occasionally with very hard times. The fishing industry is always a precarious and uncertain one at Aldeburgh. Supposing the sprats—the catching of which is the mainstay of the fisher-folk of the little borough—do not come in, or, if they do arrive, are very scarce, how are the fishermen to get through the winter? There is no doubt that the catching of fresh-water eels is a great help in supplying meals to the fisher-folk in the winter; but, as I said before, it can scarcely lay claim to being an industry nor be considered a source of money-making for the Aldeburgh fishermen.

PANTHER SPEARING.

IT is many years since, quartered at Secunderabad, an Indian station at that time full of many good sportsmen and surrounded by a jungle full of many kinds of wild beasts, we turned our attention to the capture of panthers in wooden traps, baited by a goat. The first brought in, by his very lively growls and springs against the bars of his wooden cage, gave one some idea of his temper and of his strength. A circular was sent round inviting all and everyone to be present on the Moul Ali Plain at 4.30 p.m., when the panther would be let loose and all who wished might ride. At the appointed time the gathering was very considerable. Our greatest sportsman, Colonel Nightingale of the Hyderabad Contingent, was unavoidably absent, but his regiment was represented by the resaldar-major, Ahmed Buksh Khan, with his two sons, who long had held great names in the hog-spear line, and they were backed by numerous troopers with long spears and long beards and horses slightly gummy.

During the day a second panther, which had also been caught in a cage, was brought into cantonments. The plan we decided on was to spear the first and to let a pack of dogs, kept and trained for sport by Arthur Hazlerigg, polish off the second. The crowd having been driven with difficulty to some distance, and those who were going to ride being stationed some 50yds. from the cart, a gallant private of the 21st Fusiliers, who had volunteered to undertake the somewhat perilous duty of opening the door of the cage, got on top and, with a native shikari armed with a bear-spear to defend him, proceeded to pull up the door. The panther, contrary to the usual custom of his species, namely, of either sulking in his cage or sitting outside close to it, at once bounded forth, and the roar of the crowd started him off rapidly in the direction we wished him to take. The shout of "He's off!" forced the start, and before he had covered 100yds. of ground he was speared, the resaldar's two sons taking first and second spears in very good style, their light weights and speedy horses giving them no slight advantage. Once the beast was speared, spear followed spear in quick succession, and soon he breathed his last, not having behaved in the plucky and vicious manner panthers are expected to do. He nearly got hold of the hind-quarters of one horse in a spring he made at him, and once got beneath the legs of another, which he slightly clawed. The pack of dogs, who had scarcely ceased barking from the time they first came on the ground, and who had done their utmost to get off after the first panther, were now held in leashes some 50yds. from cage No. 2. The door was opened in the same manner as the last had been, and, the cart being violently shaken, the panther half jumped, half fell out, and the barking of the dogs started him off at once. These, on being loosed, pulled him down in fine style, about five at once hanging on to each leg, and ten on to his head. He was tolerably powerless, and the crowd closed round him in a ring some 50yds. in diameter, as though it were an otter instead of a panther. The dogs having torn at him for about a quarter of an hour, he gradually got weaker; but, having seized one of the dogs in his jaws, a zealous native hit him with a stick to make him let go. One of the soldiers near, not looking on this as fair play, hit the native, and a scene ensued which might have had serious results, for many natives tried to seize the soldier and other soldiers came to his rescue. There was a great scuffle round the panther; half the dogs were bewildered and let go, but, luckily, the other half held on; and when, with some difficulty,



TAKING OFF AN EEL.

order was restored, the panther was nearly exhausted, and two stabs with a shikari's knife put an end to his struggles.

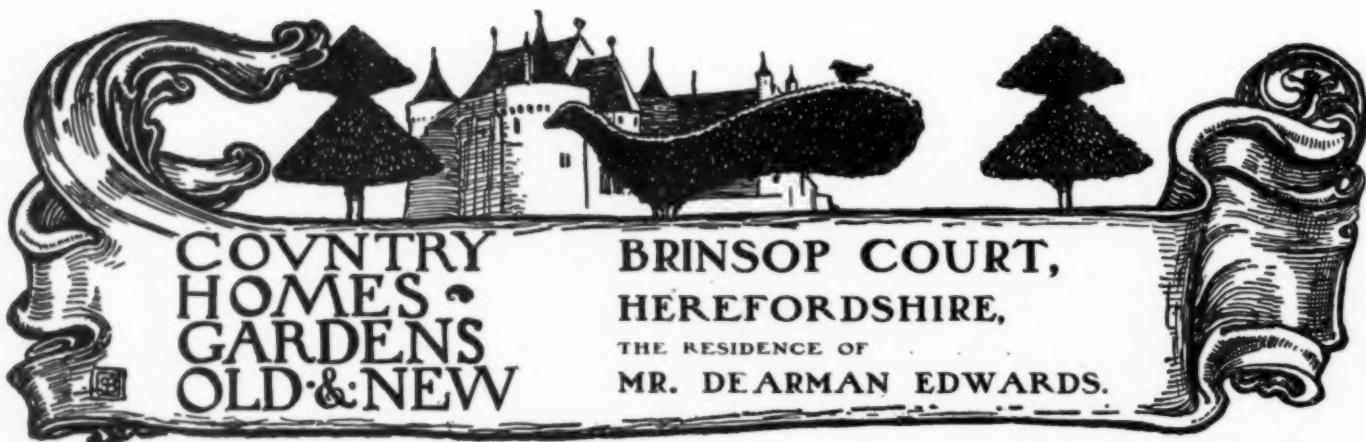
Later on we had to devise a rope and pulley arrangement attached to a pole for opening the door, as one panther had bounded on to the top of the cage and mauled a native, while his companion fled, and we had some difficulty in rescuing our door-opener. On another occasion the ending was tragic. It was a grilling afternoon in October when we loosed the finest panther I ever saw in a cage, a huge brute. As he emerged, looking round him, with the sun shining brightly on his rich coat, he was a grand sight. He was quickly overtaken as he lobbed along towards the jungle, and speared, after which he stood at bay and charged everyone who approached him. My own spear got jammed in his ribs and I failed to withdraw it; and as I watched the panther's last struggles Colonel Nightingale said, "Lift me off my horse," which I did. He lay down and we dashed water over him, and a carriage conveyed him to the Residency, not far distant, where in the evening he died. A sportsman to the backbone, a splendid horseman and a man of iron nerve, his death was as striking as it was melancholy, and threw a gloom over our station for many a day. I give an extract, which I copied from his diary, of a fine morning's sport at a place I visited afterwards:

April 30th—Went out early this morning, and posted the markers as usual on the rocks; a couple of hyenas were seen, and as it was now broad daylight, I gave chase to one of them, thinking there was no chance

of nobler game. Suddenly, however, hearing a cry from my shikaries, I returned and found three bears running towards the rocks. This proved to be a well-known family of bears, that had been here for the last five years, and together had destroyed two men (so the villagers said) during that interval. I cut them off from the rocks, on which they made for some hills about half a mile distant. The ground here was most "breakneck," there being large sloping slabs of stone, with loose rocks upon them; however, I managed to drive them over this, though at one place they turned and roared at me, as if about to attack. In another half a mile or so I caught them up, in tolerably open ground, and riding in upon them, gave the rearmost one a severe wound. The whole three then charged me, but the hardiness of my horse Dicky saved me, and giving the wounded bear a spear through the lungs, which proved mortal very soon, I made off, pursued by all three of the beasts, roaring furiously. The wounded animal soon lagged behind, and my shikaries kept throwing stones and mobbing him, until he fell over and expired from loss of blood. On coming to a favourable bit of ground, I turned on my foes, and wounded one badly. They still kept together, and made one or two determined rushes at me, when having both received severe hurts, one of them made off as hard as he could; I stuck to the other, and after a hard fight, and spearing him some half dozen times, I sent the steel right through his heart and rolled him over dead. There was now but one antagonist left, which proved to be the largest of the three, and very fierce. He rushed at me most furiously every time I approached him, and in so doing received twelve or fourteen fearful wounds, and was stopped each time; at last, although quite exhausted from the length of the conflict, seeing that Bruin had very little further to run to reach his den, I rode in front of him, charged and planted my spear well in him. The bear, however, proved too strong for me, tired as I was, and making good his charge, threw himself on the crupper, seizing me by the inside of the thigh with his claws, and taking my leg in his mouth. I stuck firmly to the horse, knowing it was my only chance, and hoping Bruin would be shaken off. Dicky behaved splendidly, kicking with considerable effect. At last, however, the infuriated brute, by sheer weight and strength, dragged me off on to the ground. The bear, even then, never let me go, but kept hold of my foot, and as I expected him every instant to seize me by the back, I made a vigorous struggle to escape, and to my delight and surprise my long sambur-skin boot came off my leg and remained with the bear, who took no further notice of me then, but ran off towards his den, pitching into the boot as he went. As a Yankee would say, my "dander was up" at this mauling, so picking up my spear, which was lying close by, I ran after Bruin and drove it through and through him. He seized it in his mouth and turned on me, but another weapon being brought up, I ran it several times through his chest, and made an end of my savage foe. My escape was most providential, and I got off with three slight wounds, two in the instep and the scratch on the thigh, which became very painful, so I imagine the claws are somewhat venomous. My three troopers, with most of my shikaries and lots of villagers, were close at hand while I was being mauled, and afforded me no assistance, owing probably to surprise; the former, indeed, said their horses could not be got up to the bear. This would appear to be the case, as throughout the whole trip not one of the horsemen with me even blooded his spear in a bear, and most of these men have plenty of pluck. Bruin's under tusk was buried in the heel of my boot, and the other caught the stirrup. The upper tusks went through the boot and some little way into my instep in a slanting direction, so I got off better than could be expected, and was only lame for ten or fifteen days.

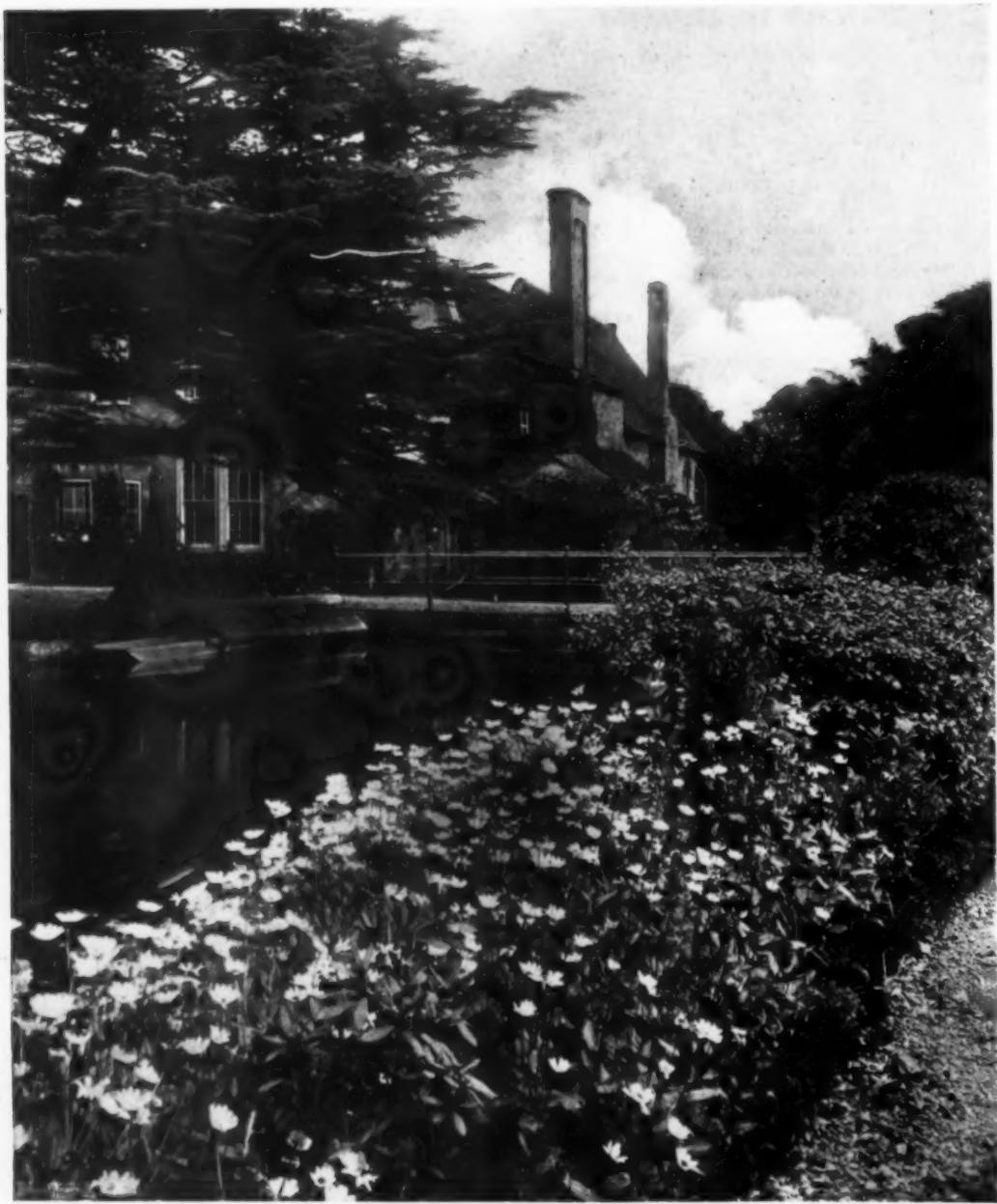
I hope the same old game is still carried at Secunderabad. Some may think it a tame sport; but if so, I would recommend them to try it.

W. S. HEBBERT.



If Parham, as the picturesque remains of an old moated mansion, is full of charm, Brinsop is in no way behind it in this respect, and exceeds it in architectural interest and landscape beauty. Herefordshire for soil, scenery and climate is among our most favoured counties, and that part especially which lies west of its cathedral city possesses almost unrivalled amenities for residential purposes. It has neither the wild ruggedness of mountainous Wales, nor the dull expanse of the flat Midlands. It is set between these two regions, and partakes of their good without sharing their bad qualities. It is still a rich agricultural country, but its tumbled and woody hills offer ever-delightful and varying prospects, of which

the loftier Welsh ranges frequently form the background. The mediaeval lords of the Brinsop manor would probably think only of safety and convenience when they chose the site of their home, but Nature is here so lavish that she threw in amenity unasked. Moated houses are apt to be set in relaxing hollows or swampy flats. But Brinsop, though level with the brook which keeps the moat limpid and fresh by its flow, stands 350ft. above sea-level; while it is sheltered by surrounding heights—such as Credenhill camp to the south—which boast of more than double that altitude. No healthier or prettier spot can be desired; it combines the advantages of breezy hill air and of encompassing waters. But if the site is good, the building itself is a dream of joy to him who cares for memorials of the past, modified, indeed, by generations of changing taste and by rough usage of its more ancient parts, but carefully preserved from further decay, and free from disastrous restoration. Brinsop, like Parham, has come down in the world. Its chapel is a box-room, its banqueting hall a farm granary; but we still see and appreciate their Gothic forms and substance as we might not have done had a wealthy owner made them "equal to new." Mr. Dearman Edwards, an agriculturist, who has occupied it since 1851, has recently turned his tenancy into proprietorship. The family is of good old Welsh descent—tracing back to Baron Owen of Tyn-y-Garrig, North Wales, on one side, and to Sir Richard Vaughan of Bredwardine Castle, Herefordshire, on the other. The central portion of the building of a later date, is used as dwelling-house, with parts of the two old wings; the former, though employing much of the ancient walling, was altered and adapted to the taste of the day at about the time when Anne was Queen. There, modernising practically ceased. After that time the only enemies to the ancient fabric were neglect and lack of appreciation. The worst period that Brinsop went through was when the representative of its mediaeval owners parted with it early in the nineteenth century, for we hear that then a tower, "though in a perfect state of preservation was pulled down to assist in building a wall round the stables." That destructive régime is of the past. The Court, though it preserves the character of a farm and though its two Gothic wings are not restored to their original purposes, is



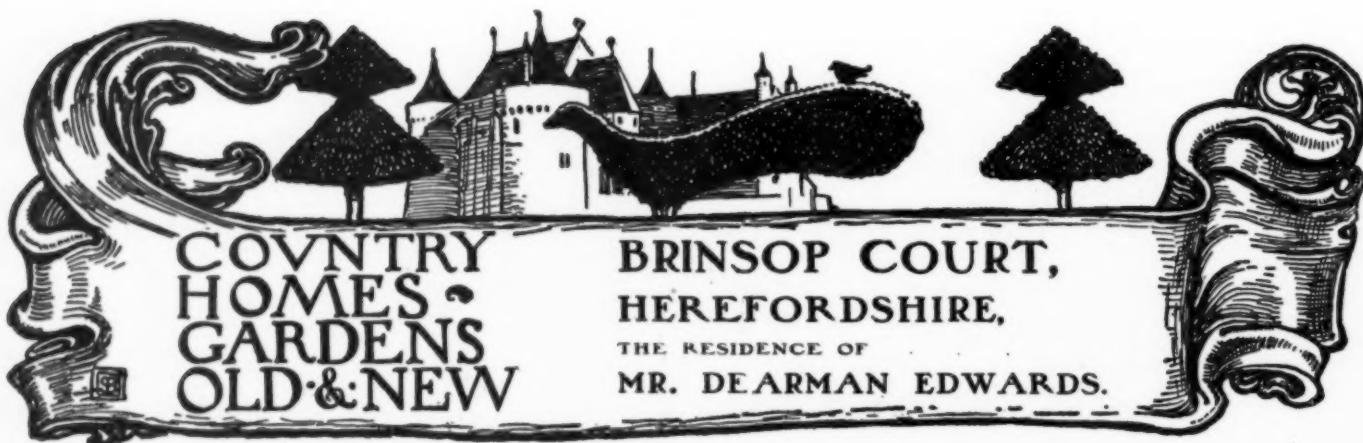
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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"... THE CIRLING MOAT WAS FAIR
WITH GABLE AND CHIMNEY SLEEPING THERE."



If Parham, as the picturesque remains of an old moated mansion, is full of charm, Brinsop is in no way behind it in this respect, and exceeds it in architectural interest and landscape beauty. Herefordshire for soil, scenery and climate is among our most favoured counties, and that part especially which lies west of its cathedral city possesses almost unrivalled amenities for residential purposes. It has neither the wild ruggedness of mountainous Wales, nor the dull expanse of the flat Midlands. It is set between these two regions, and partakes of their good without sharing their bad qualities. It is still a rich agricultural country, but its tumbled and woody hills offer ever-delightful and varying prospects, of which

the loftier Welsh ranges frequently form the background. The mediaeval lords of the Brinsop manor would probably think only of safety and convenience when they chose the site of their home, but Nature is here so lavish that she threw in amenity unasked. Moated houses are apt to be set in relaxing hollows or swampy flats. But Brinsop, though level with the brook which keeps the moat limpid and fresh by its flow, stands 350ft. above sea-level; while it is sheltered by surrounding heights—such as Credenhill camp to the south—which boast of more than double that altitude. No healthier or prettier spot can be desired; it combines the advantages of breezy hill air and of encompassing waters. But if the site is good, the building itself is a dream of joy to him who cares for memorials of the past, modified, indeed, by generations of changing taste and by rough usage of its more ancient parts, but carefully preserved from further decay, and free from disastrous restoration. Brinsop, like Parham, has come down in the world. Its chapel is a box-room, its banqueting hall a farm granary; but we still see and appreciate their Gothic forms and substance as we might not have done had a wealthy owner made them "equal to new." Mr. Dearman Edwards, an agriculturist, who has occupied it since 1851, has recently turned his tenancy into proprietorship. The family is of good old Welsh descent—tracing back to Baron Owen of Tyn-y-Garrig, North Wales, on one side, and to Sir Richard Vaughan of Bredwardine Castle, Herefordshire, on the other. The central portion of the building of a later date, is used as dwelling-house, with parts of the two old wings; the former, though employing much of the ancient walling, was altered and adapted to the taste of the day at about the time when Anne was Queen. There, modernising practically ceased. After that time the only enemies to the ancient fabric were neglect and lack of appreciation. The worst period that Brinsop went through was when the representative of its mediaeval owners parted with it early in the nineteenth century, for we hear that then a tower, "though in a perfect state of preservation" was pulled down to assist in building a wall round the stables." That destructive régime is of the past. The Court, though it preserves the character of a farm and though its two Gothic wings are not restored to their original purposes, is



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"... THE CIRLING MOAT WAS FAIR
WITH GABLE AND CHIMNEY SLEEPING THERE."

kept carefully repaired, and its merits are now fully appreciated. The elaborate Norman work still traceable in the church shows the parish to have been one of early importance, but the first family which we come across as holding the manor is that of Torell or Tirell, of whom Ralph flourished when John was King. A younger Ralph Torell is returned as holding two hides in Brinsop by military service in 1340; and as the stone and wood work of the banqueting hall show it to be about of this date, he may have been the builder. But it is not certain that the Court and manor were of his holding, for another family crops up hereabouts that certainly owned the Court in the fifteenth century, if not earlier. The Danseys, who were lords of Brinsop for four centuries at least, were originally written Daunsey, and came from that Wiltshire parish. They were seated there at much the same time that we find the elder Ralph Torell at Brinsop, and not long afterwards they held land in Herefordshire also. If the fourteenth century hall, which occupies the south wing, is of earlier date than their occupation of Brinsop, the chapel, in the north wing, with a gable retaining much of its earlier detail facing north, is surely of Dansey origin. The window tracery is partly lost and partly hidden by blocking masonry, but it still betrays fifteenth century character, while the whole gable end, including the finial with a seated figure, reminds us of similar work at one of the most interesting Gothic houses of the county of the Danseys' origin. Until quite recently, Great Chalford was in much the same condition as Brinsop is now, and one of its fine gable finials, representing a knight, had come down from its lofty perch. The same fate has overcome a player on the fiddle at Brinsop, which is now set on a gate-post. It is much mutilated, and the absence of its head makes it difficult to decide whether it is correctly described as a monkey in a manuscript account of Brinsop which was compiled for the Dansey family some fifty years ago. The Danseys of Tudor and Stewart times played

no great part on the national stage, but they did their duty and improved their position in their own county. The marriage of John Dansey with a Delamere heiress in Henry VIII.'s reign added the manor of Easton, on the Shropshire border, to his possessions. His grandson William, under Elizabeth, and his great-grandson Roger, under Charles I., were sheriffs of Herefordshire. It is noticeable that whereas the former was buried at Brinsop, the latter was laid to rest in the church of Little Hereford, the parish of which Easton forms part. Brinsop was becoming a seat of secondary importance, which accounts for the survival of its Gothic features. Yet even with the Delamere inheritance the Danseys were not among the richer Royalists of Herefordshire from whom the Commonwealth Parliament could squeeze large sums as composition for the return of their sequestered estates. Scudamores, Harleys and Coningsbys were the great men on that side, and proved profitable to the victors, while Brinsop was handed back to its owner on payment of £300 only. Symonds, King Charles's soldier-diarist, had placed Roger Dansey near the bottom of his list of the county gentry the amount of whose incomes he had gathered and set down, and he makes him worth £800 by the year. Symonds was in Herefordshire with his King during the dark days that followed Naseby, when Wales seemed the only haven. Brinsop was the halting-place for "the King's troope," on June 18th, 1645, and adversity had not destroyed Symonds's faculty for archaeological observation. He found the east window of the church "fairly painted," and among the coats of arms it contained he recognised that of the Danseys. He also noted "divers old-fashioned flat stones in the chancel with a flowrey crosse wrought on them."

Roger's son William was styled Captain Dansey, and probably saw service abroad during the Thirty Years' War, and there met his bride. Her grandfather had been that Sir Robert Dudley whose father, Elizabeth's favourite Earl of Leicester, had denied his



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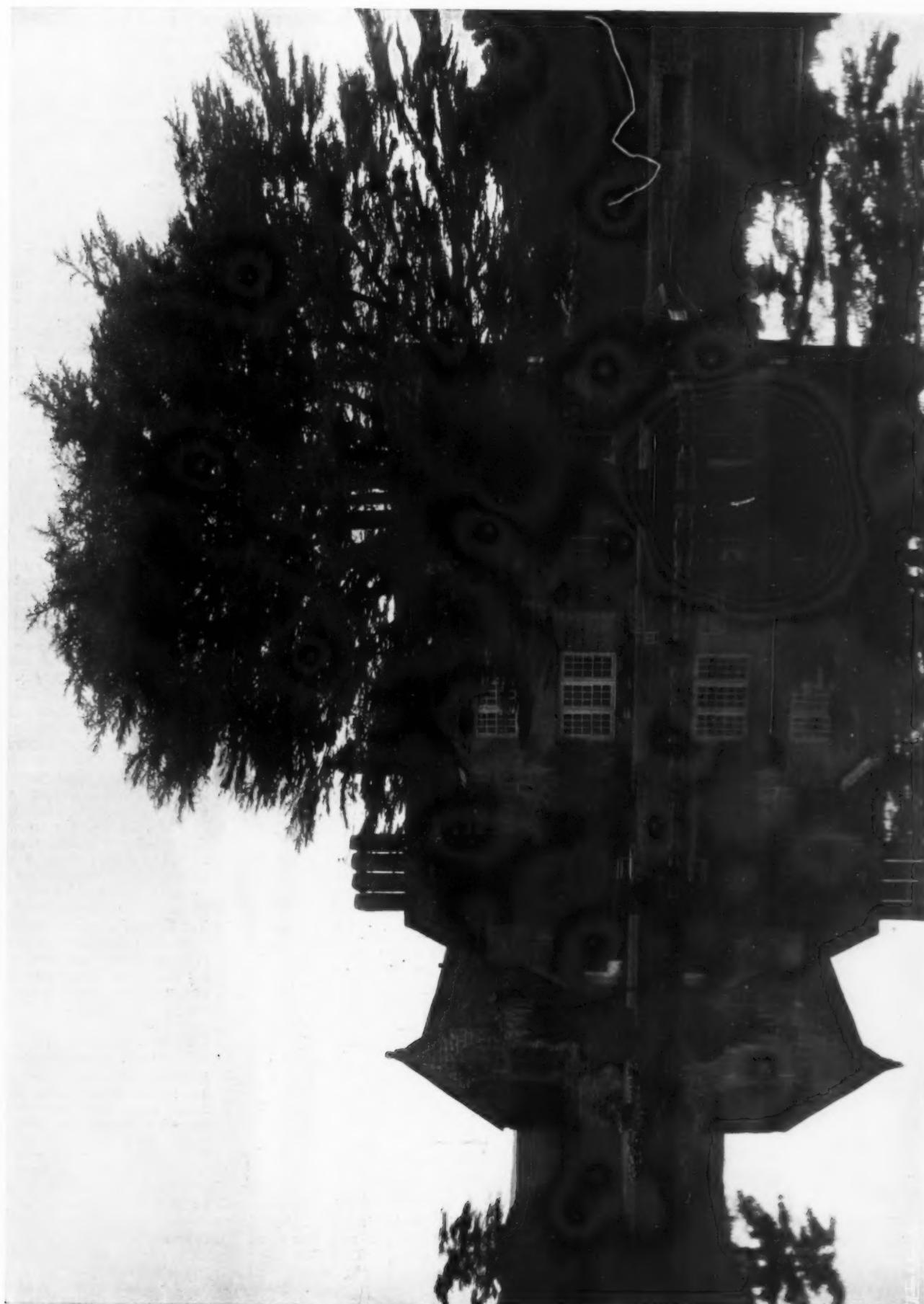
NEGLECTED GARDEN POSSIBILITIES.

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May 22nd, 1909.]

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WORDSWORTH'S CEDAR.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

legitimacy. He had lived abroad, a good deal made of by Kings and Courts, where he was apt to style himself Duke of Northumberland. His daughter was created Duchess of Dudley in Stewart times, and it was one of her children who became the wife of William Dansey. A flat stone in Brinsop Churchyard still commemorates "The R^t Honourable Ladie Douglas Dudley." As their son William lived to 1715, it may well have been he who brought the central portion of the Court into line with the taste of the day. The treble-sash window—inserted in an aperture so wide as to point to previous mullioning—through which the garden is seen in one of the



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THE CHAPEL GABLE.

illustrations, has the sturdy sash-barring which our architects of Queen Anne's time knew was consonant with the general style of their elevations. But as much the same sections and mouldings of woodwork continued for some time under the Hanoverian dynasty, Brinsop may owe its present aspect to the last of the male line of Dansey. Richard Dansey was born in 1670, entered the Army, and rose to be a Lieutenant-Colonel during the wars which King William and Queen Anne waged against the might of Louis XIV. He was engaged in the meteoric campaigns waged by the reckless and romantic Earl of Peterborough in 1705-7, wherein

he first won and then lost a great part of Spain for the allies. Of Colonel Richard Dansey an old Herefordshire song tells that :

He trimmed the jackets of the Dons
In battle at Almanza

Unfortunately, most of the "trimming" was done by the other side, for it was at Almanza that Peterborough was defeated by the Duke of Berwick in 1707, and the loss of his conquests speedily followed. As we hear no more of the Colonel's campaigning, he probably came home with his beaten and dispirited chief and lived on till 1740 at Easton Court, where his sword and portrait hung until that estate was sold to Sir Joseph

Bailey in 1840. Richard Dansey died without issue, and his sister Deborah was his heiress. She married Edward Collins, but their son took the name of Dansey. Brinsop remained in the family till about 1820, when it was acquired by David Ricardo of Gatcombe, whose tenant gave it some celebrity through the relations and visitors whom he entertained. At Dame Birkett's school at Penrith, William Wordsworth and Mary Hutchinson not only learnt to read and write, but to love one another, and in due course they became man and wife. Mary's father was a leading tradesman in the town, but his son took to agriculture, and Mary kept house for him near Stockton-on-Tees until she married the poet and settled down in the Lake Country in 1802. Eventually her brother left the North and rented Brinsop Court and its lands, which amount to some 500 acres. Here the Wordsworths were frequently his guests, the first visit being in 1827 and the last in 1845. The poet's favourite sister, Dorothy, and his son-in-law, Edward Quillinan—the slashing, duelling dragoon, who settled down at Ambleside and wrote verses—were often of the party, and Robert Southey was also apt to be a visitor. Of Dorothy Wordsworth it is related that, though she was by no means a canine lover, the Brinsop dog, Prince, got so fond that when she was leaving he secretly got into the cart containing her luggage and wished to enter the coach which took her northwards from Hereford. Yet he had a good friend at home in the person of young George Hutchinson, who wept his heart out when the dog, grown old and decrepit, was destroyed by hanging. It was to soothe the boy that Edward Quillinan, who was at Brinsop at the time, wrote the epitaph which begins with the lines :

Stop ! passenger, and shed a tear,
A most ill-fated Prince lies here :
His reign in youth was wild and
pleasant,

He hunted rabbit, hare and pheasant,
Grown old he bid adieu to sport
And mildly ruled at Brinsop Court.

In 1827, Mr. Hutchinson made his brother-in-law plant, at the south-west corner of the moat, the cedar which now almost sweeps the windows of the house with its limbs, and whose stately shape composes so well with the old chimneys and gables of the house, all reflected in the broad and placid waters below. Nor is the cedar the only memorial of the poet at Brinsop, for the late Lord Saye and Sele gave a portrait of him to the house, to be kept there in perpetuity.

Such is the quiet and uneventful history of this ancient house, whose every stone seems redolent of the past and whose whole environment shapes itself into a defence against the inrush of modernity. It is perhaps a little sad that its fine Gothic

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THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW.

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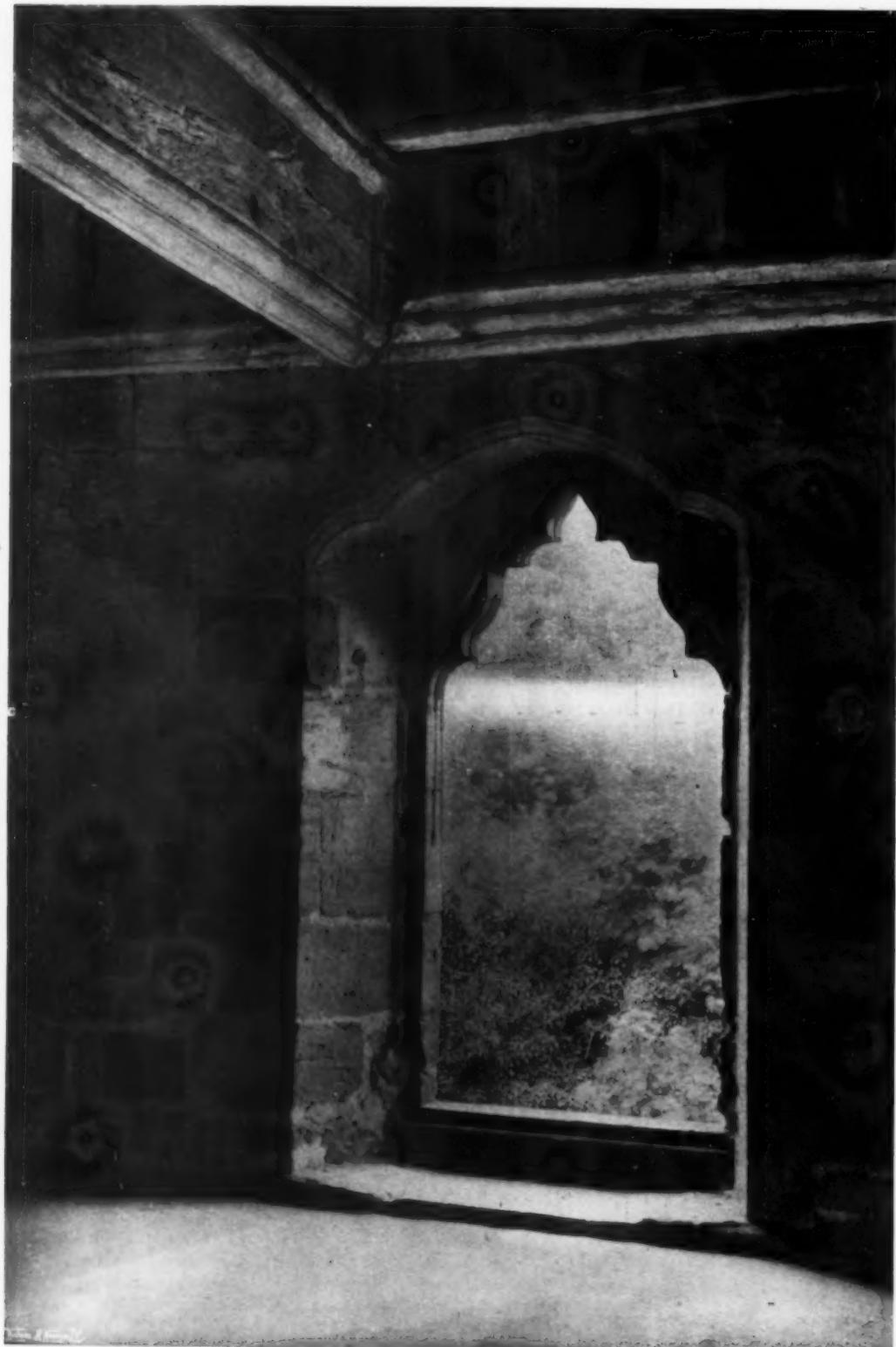
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THE GOTHIC NORTH WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rooms should be degraded into farm offices. There is scarcely a more perfect specimen of fourteenth century domestic roofing in England than is to be found in the hall, and though one or two of its windows have lost their tracery, others are complete and all are easily repairable. The same applies to the chimney arch. The oakwork of the roof is absolutely sound and of a delicious grey tone, with here and there at the west end traces of colour. The massiveness of the timbering, its graceful arching, its excellent mouldings—the whole shape and framing of the beautiful design, give this roof an exceptional distinction. When the Herefordshire antiquarians were there a quarter of a century ago they found not only the framework, but also the filling in, nearly perfect. At the eastern end (it will be noticed that the east wall has fallen out and been replaced by one of brick, probably curtailing the original length) the space between the rafters was plastered, and the plaster decorated with rosettes in red. The western half was close boarded under the rafters, and had similar rosettes; while the roof timbers themselves were, at this place, richly coloured, showing it to have been the upper end. A leaky roof led to the

destruction of all this, though fragments of the boarding may be discerned in the illustrations. No further damage is now possible, for the roof has been carefully repaired and re-laid. This has not been done in the glorious old weathered stone tiles which cover the general roofage, but that it should have been done at all is a matter of congratulation; for any damage to the noble beams of this invaluable relic would be most regrettable. The hall was always an upper room. The present floor, almost on a level with the



WINDOW IN THE OLD HALL.

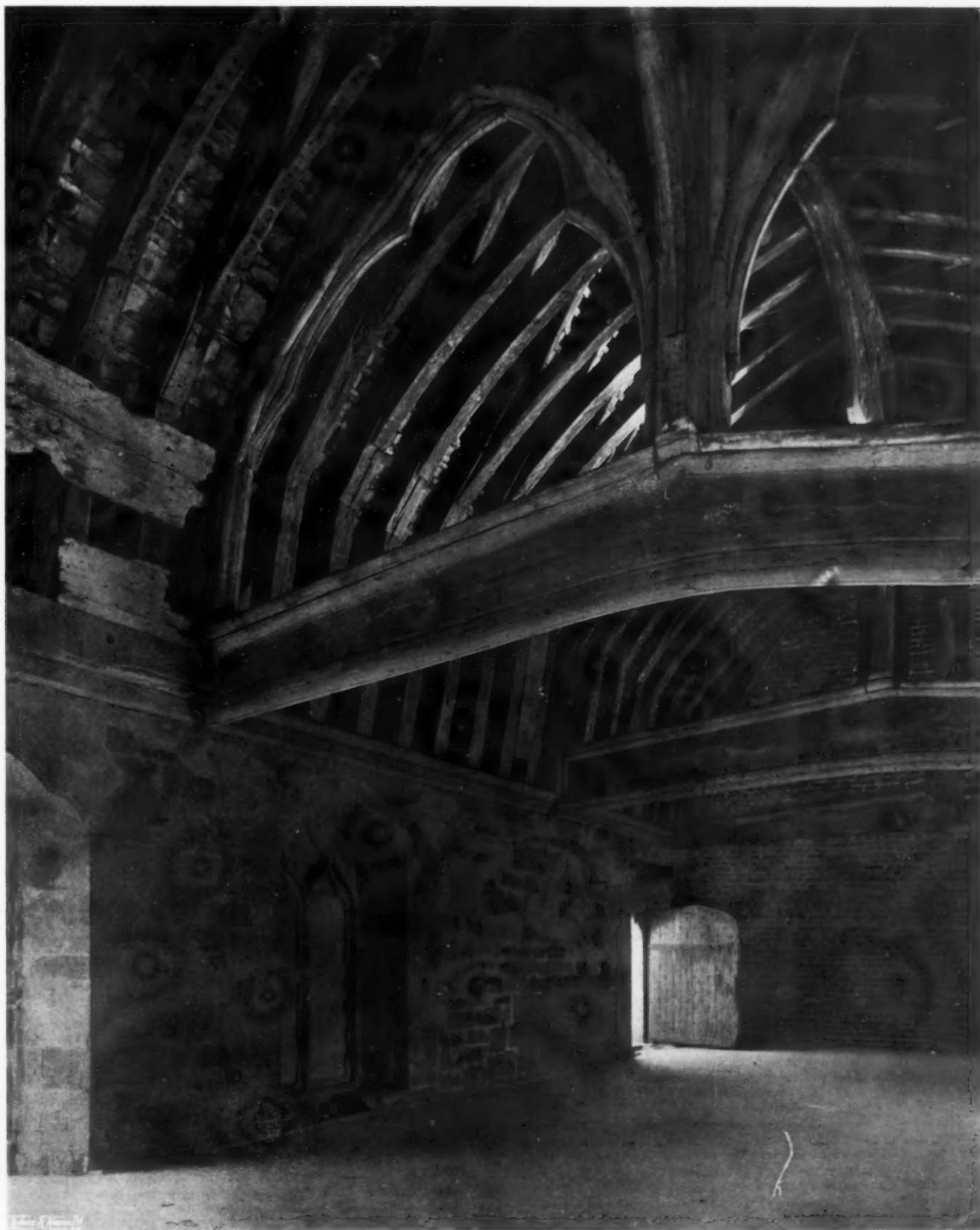
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"COUNTRY LIFE."



FINIAL OF A FALLEN GABLE.

window-sills, is, of course, too high. The appearance of the stonework implies that the window recesses were originally fitted with the structural stone seats usual in mediæval times. There was, however, always an undercroft for offices and storage purposes. The whole range of building on the northern side of the court, facing the hall building, retains its Gothic character, though a doorway which leads through it has a recent brick arch, and some of the windows are blocked up or renewed in wood. It would not be difficult to bring it back to its old appearance and its old plan. There seems no doubt that the upper room at the west end of this building was originally a chapel; but the traditional name of "the armoury" has also come down, and after the Reformation it may have changed its destination. Though blocked up with masonry, the great west window retains nearly all its tracery and stonework, including the moulded projections into which the shutter bolts fastened. Although some reparation, of a careful, knowledgeable and restrained kind, would be welcome and would add to the interest and value of Brinsop Court as an ancient monument, yet it is, as it stands, so entirely enjoyable, so free from discordant notes, so completely picturesque, that it arouses a strong feeling that no change is desirable and that most change would be unfortunate. The simple yet sufficient manner of



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THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY HALL: LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

its present upkeep is, in its utilitarian and homely character, more in accord with the ways of a small old-world country house, surrounded by the various offices needed for a self-supporting mode of existence, than would be the large pleasure gardens and universal smartness which now mark a rich man's house. At the same time, it must be admitted that the delightful south side of the moat, with a little strip of gardenable ground

some great bird would come soaring majestically over the neighbouring woods and drop down to the plantation of tall trees where the hen birds were sitting.

ROOKS AND HERONS

It is always a marvel to me why herons, which are strong and fierce birds, well provided by Nature with dangerous arms of offence and defence in their formidable bills, which, by the way, they are most expert in using, should allow rooks not only to nest in the same group of trees, as they so



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THE HALL, BRINSOP COURT: LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

between the water and the long line of building broken by three tall chimney shafts, is, in its present condition, a neglected opportunity. This, however, is under consideration, and will be remedied in due course, together with other matters claiming attention on the property.

T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

HERONS AND THE SEASON.

THE herons at Windmill Hill Place, Herstmonceux, East Sussex, were considerably later than usual in returning to the heronry and beginning their nesting operations this season. The country-folk about Windmill Hill have a fixed belief that the herons return on the first Sunday in February—some say with the first new moon in that month. This year only two or three pairs were at the heronry at the usual time, and Mr. Herbert Curteis, the owner, began to think that the birds were for once not going to nest in any numbers. There can be little doubt that the prolonged and severe winter hindered the birds from their return, and induced them to make some departure from their usual habits. By the end of March they were returning to the heronry in earnest, and when I inspected the place on April 26th there were quite an average number of the tall birds sitting on their nests. There are usually from twenty-five to thirty-five nests at this heronry each season. Last year there were thirty-seven, but the snowstorm of April 25th did much damage among the young birds. It was a most beautiful afternoon when I stopped at the heronry—the wind blew softly from the south, the sky was of a wonderful blue; everywhere spring was spreading her mantle of verdure over the country-side. Rooks, which here build every year alongside the herons, were cawing loudly, and busily occupied in their nesting operations. The herons seemed to me to be making more noise than usual, and their strident, squawking "kronks" were very frequently to be heard. Now and again

often do, but to destroy, as they undoubtedly do at times, scores of eggs. Where such destruction takes place, the herons have been observed to go on laying from the beginning of March to the middle of May, or even later. If the herons chose, they could easily drive away such unpleasant neighbours; yet in nearly all instances they tolerate rooks and seem to take but little notice of their presence.

NESTING-PLACES OF THE HERON.

In England the heron builds mainly among trees, probably for the reason that its eggs are safer there than in any other situation from the marauder, man. I am inclined to think this habit is an acquired one, dating from the period when the country was beginning to lose something of its primeval wildness. In South Africa, where our grey heron is also to be found, these birds nest on the ground, in tufts of grasses, reeds and rushes, surrounded by water. In the meers and marshes of Holland, also, the common heron is to be found nesting among reeds, in much the same kind of situation as that chosen by the purple heron. There the nests are located in the remotest and thickest parts of the reed swamps, where the depth of water and mud is a serious obstacle to the approach of human beings. Among tall trees, where they are commonly seen nesting in this country, herons never seem to me to be truly at home. Their long legs are by no means well adapted for perching, and when the wind blows, their equilibrium is far less easy to maintain than in the case of smaller and short-legged birds. Mr. Howard Saunders has instanced such varied nesting-places of the heron as "high trees, precipitous sea-cliffs, crags covered with ivy and shrubs, bare hill-sides, the walls of ruins, the level ground, low bushes, or reeds and bulrushes." An English heronry in spring is certainly one of the most beautiful objects of the country-side, and although herons may not in reality be well adapted by Nature for life among tall trees, in no other situation can their flight and the circumstances of their daily life be so well observed. It is a real pleasure to know that by a recent County Council Order herons in East Sussex are now protected throughout the year.

WHEATEARS.

In Sussex wheatears seem to me to become scarcer on the downs with each recurring season. This spring I have seen fewer than I ever remember. In autumn at the present day those astonishing numbers of these birds which used to furnish the down shepherds with such ample pocket-money and our ancestors with such memorable feasts, are now no longer to be observed. It would puzzle a shepherd of 1909 to collect ten-score of wheatears during the month of August, even if he were an expert snarer; and yet a little more than a hundred years ago one of these men would set fifty or sixty snares in a morning and be disappointed if he had not secured a wheatear in each. In Pennant's time the autumn harvest of these birds round Eastbourne alone was estimated at 1,840 dozen! Twenty-two thousand odd wheatears, at the low value of 1d. apiece—the shepherds' fee in those days—meant a very handsome addition to the wages of these people during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is certain that the migration of the wheatear has immensely decreased during the last eighty years, and especially during the last thirty years. What the reason is no man can say with anything like confidence.

CROSSBILLS AND HAWFINCHES.

That the tides of bird migration have varied a great deal in past centuries, and will vary again in future, there can be no doubt. If the wheatear crop is failing us, other birds are distinctly on the increase. Crossbills are by no means common or familiar birds in England; the average man or woman has probably never set eyes on one; yet in 1253, in the reign of the third Henry, there was so great an incursion of these birds that half the orchards were ruined, and the country people complained bitterly. Again, in 1593, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there was another great invasion of these birds, and the apple trees suffered heavily once more. Crossbills attack the apple for the sake of the pips, with which they stuff themselves greedily. It is a wasteful practice, and in those parts of the country where apples are plentiful, and crossbills fairly numerous, it is no difficult matter to satisfy one's self of the injury that might be done by a great migratory wave of these birds, such as awakened the bitter cry of the country people in 1253. The year 1821 was one of the last big times of invasion by these curious birds. A bird that is steadily increasing among us, and so tending to redress the loss sustained by the growing scarcity of wheatears, is the hawfinch, which, once looked

upon as something of a rarity, is now quite familiar to many people who pretend to no great knowledge of ornithology. A week or two since a great movement of these birds was observed in the county of Middlesex, and at Enfield there were reported to be hundreds of them. The hawfinch's area of migration has been steadily increasing for years past; the bird has now pushed its breeding haunts into Breconshire, although throughout the rest of Wales it is by no means a familiar species. Two years since the first authenticated instance of a hawfinch nesting in Cumberland occurred in the orchard of Sir Richard Graham's place at Netherby Hall. Hawfinches are interesting—some people might even call them handsome—birds; but their increase to any considerable extent, although a not impossible contingency, is not likely to give unmixed satisfaction to all dwellers in the country. These birds are great devourers of peas, and although in winter they will content themselves with a diet of beech-mast, haws and other berries, in summer their too frequent attention to ripe cherry orchards is not calculated to endear them to gardeners and fruit-growers. They attack the cherry not so much for its fruit as for the kernel of the stone, which they crack easily in their strong bills.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS ABROAD.

We in this country have little conception of the immense destruction which goes on among birds and their eggs in distant parts of the world. Occasionally we come across paragraphs in foreign or Colonial papers which are calculated to make us open our eyes. The *Melbourne Argus* has recently drawn attention to the immense holocausts of shearwaters (*Puffinus brevicauda*), known as mutton-birds in Australia, on Barren Island in Bass's Straits. It is calculated that no less than 1,500,000 of these birds are destroyed annually for food, and no less than 400 half-castes have hitherto been able to make a good living at the business. The bodies of the birds are boiled and salted, and the flesh as well as the oil extracted in the cooking; both fetch remunerative prices. There has been trouble recently owing to an influx of white folk on to the island, attracted by the prospect of easy money-making. The unfortunate shearwaters are being now doubly harried, and even their immense legions can scarcely hold out against the much-increased rate of destruction. It is one of the pitiable things about our boasted civilisation that, wherever it advances, it entails such an enormous waste of animal-life.

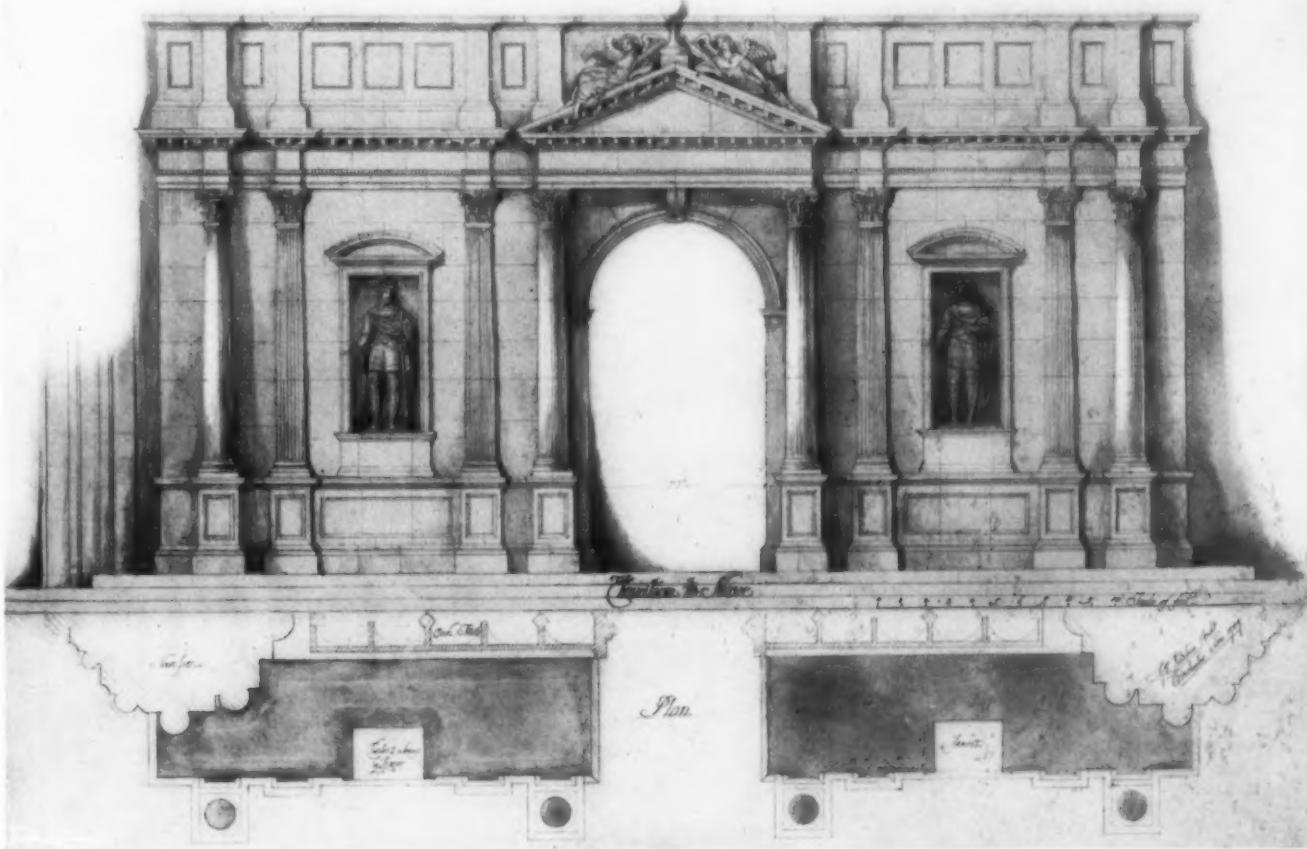
H. A. B.

TAMPERING WITH ANCIENT BUILDINGS.—IV

LAST February the Dean and Chapter of Winchester made a gift of a stone screen, admitted to be a "really beautiful work of art by Inigo Jones," to the municipality of that city. The municipality, while accepting it, were much embarrassed to know what to do, and seem to have considered that their "Recreation Grounds Committee" were an apt body to deal with "beautiful works of art by Inigo Jones." As these are not very plentiful, and seldom go a-begging, it is well to enquire how the Dean and Chapter became

possessed of this one and whence arises their anxiety to get it off their hands.

The neo-Gothic school of church restorers adopted two fundamental principles to speed them in their career of destruction and desolation. The first laid down that any ancient and historic feature not of the same period as that which an "eminent" architect might decide was characteristic of the edifice of which they formed part, should be swept away and replaced by one totally new and unhistoric and designed by the



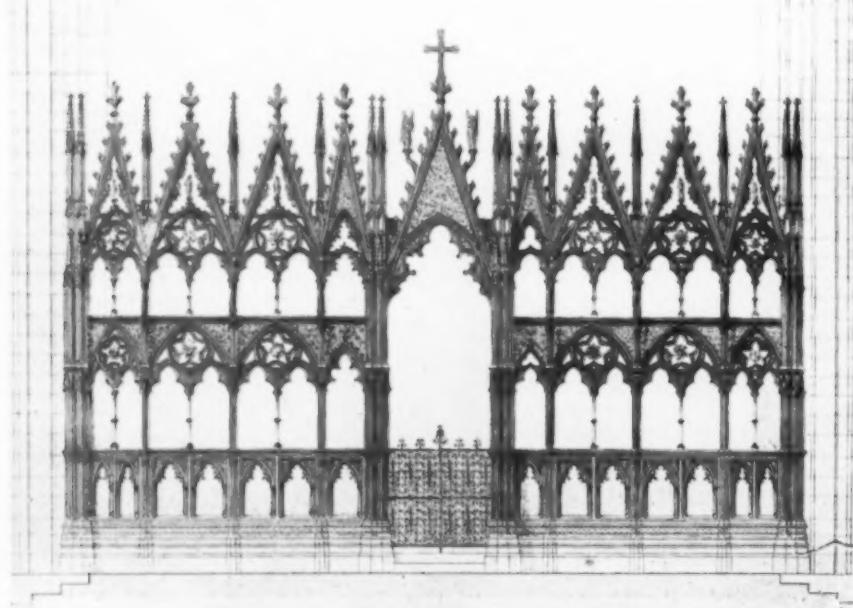
THE INIGO JONES SCREEN.

eminent architect himself as being imitative of what he thought ought to have been there. The second principle established that though mediæval art alone was right, yet the mediæval artist was wrong in supposing that mediæval churches should be divided and made mysterious by enclosures and partitions, screens and parcloses, and that the real Gothic spirit—as revealed to the nineteenth century architect—demanded their removal and the alteration of the church into the semblance of a town hall or theatre. The practice of these principles in Winchester Cathedral has been curiously interesting. From the day, in 1538, when Henry VIII.'s commissioners "made an ende of the shryne here at Wyncheste" until the cooling of iconoclastic zeal in the later days of Elizabeth much wreckage was, no doubt, done in the cathedral. Some of this it was the desire of the Laudian revival to repair. The first effort to restore the spirit of reverence and of ordered beauty in the fabrics and in the services of the Anglican Church should have been a valued memory to her ministers and to her laymen, and the material tokens of it should have been faithfully preserved. Yet it is against these that the restorer has quite furiously raged, and Winchester offered a fine field for his energy. There seems no record of what separation, if any, the Laudians found remaining between the nave and choir of the cathedral. A new screen was considered by them to have been a pressing requirement and it was determined that it should, in the old manner, be a solid one with a central opening. But though it was to preserve the old ideas of mystery and separation, its style was to be the style then in vogue. It should not be a poor attempt at copying forms that had ceased to appeal, that were not felt and understood, but it should be the completest interpretation, the most original manifestation of the architecture to which the best minds of the day responded. The screen was to be the King's gift and the King's architect was to design it. That architect, first among Englishmen, had saturated himself with the spirit of classic architecture, and had therefore created a style which sprang from it, possessed its qualities, fulfilled its conditions, and yet offered something that was original, native and personal. The Winchester screen was as invaluable a national monument as the Whitehall Banqueting House. Both were among the scarce examples of the actual work of the first founder and greatest master of English Palladian architecture. There seems no doubt whatever that the beautiful screen, of which a careful and measured drawing by Mr. G. H. Kitchin is here reproduced, was designed by and erected under the supervision of Inigo Jones. The excellence of the lines and proportions, the aptness yet reserve of the ornament, make any other origin most unlikely. But there is also documentary evidence. It will be seen that in the two pedimented niches stand the well-known brass statues of James I. and Charles I., now placed on either side of the west door of the cathedral. Those niches were their original position. They were designed to hold the statues, or the statues were executed to fill the niches. Statues and screen are part and parcel of the one design, so much so that the architect of the screen was concerned in the negotiation for the statues. Hubert Le Sueur, said to have learnt under John of Bologna, came to England soon after Charles I.'s accession and was much employed by that King. Among the Domestic State papers of the reign is the agreement whereby Le Sueur is to produce these statues for the sum of £340, and to convey them to Winchester for the further payment of £40. On this agreement are written the words "I was present and

witness in this Bargain. Inigo Jones." As Dr. Curle filled the See of Winchester during the years that preceded the Civil Wars and was also Lord Almoner to the King, the screen and its statues probably date from his episcopate, as does the vaulting under the tower, where we find his arms and those of Archbishop Laud. When King and Parliament quarrelled, the bishop was dispossessed of his office and the screen of its statues. He did not survive to regain his position in 1660, but the statues did. Soon after the troubles broke out, a Mr. Newland bought them for £10 and buried them in his garden. At the Restoration Bishop Duppa gave £100 for their return, and they were once more placed in their niches. There we see them in the plate entitled "The Entrance to the Choir, the Work of Inigo Jones," included in Samuel Gale's work on the "History of the Cathedral Church of Winchester," published in 1715. He describes the screen as a "beautiful Frontispiece of Stone built between the two great Pillars of the Arch of the Tower." In that position, spared by the Puritans of the seventeenth century, it was found by the Anglican revivalists of the nineteenth. They were a much more dangerous foe, and they compassed its destruction. Winchester Cathedral was in the van of progress and seems to have enjoyed restoration as early as 1820. Garbett, the architect, at once declared that the screen was "incongruous," and it was replaced by one which its maker, Gillingham, called Gothic and which was allowed about forty years of existence. A small view of it, reproduced from an early photograph, is annexed. It had two points in its favour—it maintained the mediæval spirit of enclosure and it retained the two statues. Though decked in mock Gothic trappings instead of presenting the "incongruity" of masterly classic lines, yet it was of the same form as its predecessor. It would seem, therefore, that what Mr. Aymer Vallance has well called the "leth for vistas" had not arisen in 1820. But it was in full operation when Sir Gilbert Scott was restorer-in-chief, and he tore away Gillingham's work and substituted a copy of fourteenth century tracery and canopy work, his drawing for which is reproduced. It is a lifeless imitation of the old choir stalls without any of the virile crispness of their carving, and without the delightful men and beasts that lurk amid the foliage in their spandrels. The solid backing gives due substance to the stalls, of which the shafts and tracery are, therefore, rightly of extreme slenderness and delicacy. But the imitative work, using the same proportions without the backing, looks thin and frivolous. It, however, still holds its place, and will no doubt continue to do so until someone wishes to spend money unnecessarily and a fashionable architect wants a field on which to display his superiority. The idea of putting back Inigo Jones's splendid creation has not occurred to the authorities. What has happened to it? The early nineteenth century "restorers" were very merciful executioners. They did not cart it on to the rubbish heap. They took it down stone by stone and stored it in the Triforium Gallery above the transept. There it was not wholly forgotten, for some years ago Dean Kitchin proposed its erection as an entrance to the Close from the northwest. But the stone of which it is composed will not stand the severity of the English winter out of doors, and the project had to be abandoned. So it continued to lie in pieces in the Triforium until, last autumn, the architect and engineer responsible for the



THE GILLINGHAM SCREEN.



SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S SCREEN.

underpinning work now in process ordered its removal, as they considered its weight a source of danger to the weakened fabric. It was, therefore, laid out on the nearest grass plot, where it has spent the winter, a covering of straw fortunately preserving it from injury by frost. But as it is still deemed "incongruous" while Sir Gilbert's oaken and open division is "correct," it was, of course, a horrid nuisance to the Dean and Chapter, and no wonder they sought to be rid of it. Nor have the municipality accepted the burden of ownership without qualms and misgivings. At a meeting on March 23rd the bright idea occurred to one of the councillors that they might shunt it on to someone else, as the Dean and Chapter

had done on to them. "Would it not," he asked, hopefully, "be valuable to a church that was undergoing restoration?" But this faint ray of light was at once extinguished by an alderman who evidently is the authority on these high matters. "It must not be forgotten," quoth he, "that the screen was turned out of the Cathedral because it was unsuitable." What more could be said, and to what purpose can this awkward possession be put? Were it made of Cleo Hill stone it might mend the roads, but it is "unsuitable" even for this purpose. Really, the problem seems incapable of solution, and the City fathers deserve sympathy in a perplexing situation. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SINCE Mrs. Humphry Ward some time ago made a prolonged visit to the United States, she appears to have returned with deepened convictions on a large variety of subjects. Her opposition to the enfranchisement of women appears to us to be stronger after her American experience than it was before. At any rate, she has written many columns of letterpress in the newspapers to enforce her views. Her latest book, *Daphne, or "Marriage à la Mode"* (Cassell), is a treatise on the iniquity of having different marriage laws for two countries that live in close intercourse. Needless to say, the modern form of marriage *à la mode* is for a penniless aristocrat to form an alliance with an American heiress, and this is what takes place at an early portion of the book. But Mrs. Humphry Ward is too good a novelist, too imaginative, too learned in human nature, to make the marriage a purely material bargain between wealth on the one side and blood on the other. The young man, as we are frequently told—and as we seem to have been told of other young men in novels—bears a close resemblance to Apollo, "a physical king of men" he is called more than once in the course of the story. Daphne Floyd is exceptional alike in character and beauty. She is the "orphan daughter of an enormously rich and now deceased lumber king of the State of Illinois." *En passant* it may be remarked that it would have been wonderful indeed if she had been the orphan daughter of a lumber king who was not deceased. He had left the girl a fortune of more than a million which was entirely in her own power. The girl showed evidences of culture in a studied simplicity. In her house an evidence of her wealth was shown in one of the pictures on the wall, which is described as a masterpiece—an excessively costly masterpiece of the Florentine school. All this is plain sailing; but we have heard it of other heroines before. The question is how did Daphne Floyd differ from the thousands of other young women who have figured in the pages of fiction? Mrs. Humphry Ward puts us in possession of the peculiar features of her character. One of them is that she had caught the note of feminism from the dearest and most tragical of her friends. In little incidents which have nothing to do with the story we find her—even when the work is one of charity—making her own wishes paramount. She has a confidential servant to whom she is very kind and generous always in public, and to whom she grudges no luxury:

But in private Daphne's will was law, and she had an abrupt and dictatorial way of asserting it that brought the red back into Mrs. Phillips's faded cheeks.

Roger Barnes, the man, is, as we have said, extremely good-looking, and, on the whole, a commonplace, respectable and rather humdrum type of Englishman, who seems to follow the advice of the old farmer in Tennyson, "Doānt thou marry for munny but goā wheer munny is." He has had a love affair of his own, and been tossed aside like an old glove when the lady to whom he was engaged found that the wealth of his family had been lost. He sees the self-will, the strong opinions, the egotism of Daphne, but supposes that when he is married he will be able to overcome them and mould her to his liking. The result comes out very much otherwise. Daphne in England is presented as a most undesirable mistress for an English home. She has ideas of taste that bring her into conflict with Lady Barnes. The pictures shown her of the family mansion had been enchanting, but when she went inside it was to undergo a serious disillusion:

Half the old mantelpieces gone, the ceilings spoilt, the decorations "busy," pretentious, overdone, and nothing left to console her but an ugly row of bad Lelys and worse Highmores—the most despicable collection of family portraits she had ever set eyes upon.

All this she sets about reforming in a manner that could not but hurt the feelings of Lady Barnes, who prides herself on having taken the best advice when the house was restored. But Daphne's retort is "the restorers were all murderers," and she has with her a German expert who backs her up thoroughly. Mrs. Humphry Ward ought, however, in justice to America, to have

made Daphne more thoroughly well bred. There is a dealer who brought to the Duchess, who figures as a minor character in the story, the second of two pieces of Sèvres. The Duchess, however, has not sufficient money, and the £1,000 that she can offer is rejected. "I cannot, I am too poor," she says, but "her eyes caressed the shining thing." Then follows a scene:

Daphne bent forward. "If the Duchess has *really* made up her mind, Mr. Marcus, I will take it. It would just suit me!"

Marcus started on his chair. "Pardon, Madame!" he said, turning hastily to look at the slender lady in white, of whom he had as yet taken no notice.

"We have the motor. We can take it with us," said Daphne, stretching out her hand for it, triumphantly.

"Madame," said Marcus, in some agitation, "I have not the honour. The price—?"

"The price doesn't matter," said Daphne, smiling. "You know me quite well, Mr. Marcus. Do you remember selling a Louis Seize cabinet to Miss Floyd?"

"Ah!" The dealer was on his feet in a moment, saluting. Daphne heard him with graciousness. She was now the centre of the situation: she had asserted herself, and her money. Marcus outdid himself in homage. Lelius in the background looked on, a sarcastic smile hidden by his fair mustache. Mrs. Fairmile, too, smiled; Roger had grown rather hot; and the Duchess was frankly annoyed.

"I surrender it for *force majeure*," she said, as Daphne took it from her. "Why are we not all Americans?"

And then leaning back in her chair, she would talk no more. The pleasure of the visit, so far as it had ever existed, was at an end.

We refuse to believe for our part that a well-bred American woman would have done anything so essentially rude and discourteous, and it is a pity that the heiress should have been represented as so much out of touch with English ways of looking at things. The result is inevitable from the first, and, indeed, it is an objection to the novel that the poles of the scaffold are always so very visible. On a paltry excuse, Daphne obtains a divorce in America, and henceforth occupies the curious position of being a married woman on one side of the Atlantic and an unmarried woman on the other—a situation that appears to suggest comedy more than the serious treatment to which Mrs. Humphry Ward subjects it. But the aim towards which she bends herself strenuously is to show the wickedness of the American marriage laws and the evils that would flow from their adoption in this country. Daphne leads her own wilful way in the United States, while her husband remains in England distracted. He makes an ineffectual attempt to kidnap the little girl who might have been a bond between them, and is completely overwhelmed when the child dies. Some traces of high-mindedness remain with him in these misfortunes; he refuses to make use of the money which his wife had settled on him, and like a mere uneducated peasant under similar circumstances, he takes badly to drink and low company, deliberately ruining soul and body. Meanwhile the rich American, sure of her own rectitude, gives herself up to good works in the land of her birth, founds colleges for girls and, generally speaking, spends her money and her energy in, what she thinks is, raising the status of women; but it is not so easy to escape the consequences of one's deeds. The friend on whose advice she had acted in early youth dies, and leaves behind her a writing, in which she calls upon Daphne to forgive. The best and truest of her male friends puts it the other way about, and says she ought to go and beg for forgiveness. So at last, after a very severe mental struggle, she comes back to England and accidentally meets her husband at the house of a clerical friend who had stuck to him through good and evil. But he is in an advanced stage of consumption. He has brought himself to the verge of ruin through drink, and only been stopped there by the memory of his little girl, for whose sake he applies practically the old text to himself, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

But he has risen clear of the love that had bound him to Daphne, and that, she finds out too late, is the tragedy of her own life. After all this, it is unnecessary to pronounce a verdict upon the book. It is simply a piece of Mrs. Humphry



THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

From a picture by Andrea da Bartolo.

day concerning which she writes. Even the fashion of taste and art and collecting and so on find a place in her volume. We could only wish that she had applied some of her precepts so practically as to get rid of the extremely poor and vulgar illustrations with which this book is published.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE.

A History of Painting in Italy Umbria Florence and Siena from the Second to the Sixteenth Century, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, edited by Langton Douglas. Vol. III. The Sienese, Umbrian, and North Italian Schools. (John Murray.)

IT is difficult to estimate the magnitude of the task which in the last century was set before themselves by an English and an Italian connoisseur, when they set out to bring light and order among the little-known and unnamed paintings and frescoes belonging to the dawn of the Renaissance and scattered all over Italy. Criticism has gone far forward since their day; experts have been formed, archives which were then inaccessible have been ransacked, new and more correct attributions have become possible. The exhibitions of Old Masters at Burlington House and the Burlington Fine Arts Club have brought a wealth of material to light, and pictures have changed hands and situations; yet Crowe and Cavalcaselle's monumental work remains the ground upon which all later enquiry is built, and with adequate annotation it may still retain its value and fill a place that has been taken by no other. More than half the present volume deals with the early school of Siena, the other part is more cursorily concerned with the Umbrian and North Italian schools. Perhaps the authors are least successful in dealing with the Sienese school and the numbers of re-attributions and discoveries since their day have been large. The Sienese painters are of peculiar interest as being so essentially the fruit of Byzantine art, mingled with the growing civilisation of the new world, yet untempered by the scientific spirit of the Florentine; and the later work of the Sienese, of which the authors fail to appreciate the charm, has an atmosphere of its own which attracts us, even while we recognise that, as far as many qualities are concerned, it must still remain for us in the realms of curiosity and feeling.

Ward. The writer of the present review was once taken severely to task by one who may be called now the Nestor of journalism, for repeating a saying of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the effect that every poet is but the journalist of a time. This was said to be a dark saying of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but it applies absolutely to Mrs. Humphry Ward. The voices that are in the atmosphere of her generation seem to flow into her ear and to come out of her mouth again like an echo that proceeds from a cavern. Newspaper discussions, Suffrage agitations, politics and sociology—these are all here and of the

Yet the lineal grace of the Sienese, their feeling for beauty of pattern, had its own marked influence, while the decorative splendour of their detail was assimilated by their followers in Umbria and carried by them as far as Venice. It is a fascinating task to trace the inter-dependence of all these painters, and to find both the Lorenzetti and Simone Martine influencing the Umbrian, Allegretto Nuzi, who in his turn imbibed the Florentine spirit, and whose Coronation in Sir Francis Cook's collection is almost a replica of that attributed to the School of Giotto in the National Gallery. It is evident that if a book like this is to keep its place as the foremost work of reference for Italian painting, it is of great importance that its editing should bring it thoroughly up to date. Mr. Langton Douglas, who has himself done a great deal of enquiry and discovery, especially in the district of Siena, is a very capable editor. His notes and criticisms on Duccio and Simone Martine are full and of great value to the student. Those on the Lorenzetti are open to question, as competent critics still hold that the famous frescoes of the Triumph of Death, etc., at Pisa, which the notes adjudge to Pietro Lorenzetti and his followers, do not bear the mark of his hand and are probably of a later date. Mr. Langton Douglas does a great deal to establish the name of such a typical and interesting master as Paolo di Giovanni Fei, and the chapter added on Andrea da Bartolo, the only son of Bartolo di Fredi, is extremely illuminating, though when Mr. Douglas states that this artist has been entirely overlooked by art critics, he ignores the fact that his masterpiece, the beautiful Assumption (here reproduced), and which was recently bequeathed by Mr. Verkes to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, was described and a photograph of it published some years ago by Mr. Berenson. The fault, indeed, of the editorial part of the book is that it does not deal sufficiently fully with the work of other critics, so that the student does not gain a sufficiently accurate idea of the opinions which have been put forth by leading men, or of the objections made to them. A list of the books which have been published on these schools, and more especially of the articles which have appeared from time to time in English and foreign periodicals, would have been of great service. The new edition is provided with beautiful and well-chosen illustrations, and the text thereby gains doubly in value. We can compare the wonderful pattern that Simone makes with the canopy in the great fresco in the Palazzo Communale, with the use of lances in his panels at Antwerp and in the Louvre, where neither Tintoretto nor Velasquez has surpassed him. We find this beautiful characteristic in those fine masters, Altichiero of Verona and Avanzi of Bologna, and, though badly repainted, the frescoes of these collaborators



THE ANNUNCIATION.

Portion of altar-piece by Lorenzo Veneziano.

in the Church of San Antonio in Padua bear traces that they were among the real art utterances of the fourteenth century. The Annunciation of Lorenzo Veneziano (reproduced) has a Gothic framework, while the crown and the decoration are reminiscent of the style which Siena drew from Byzantium. It is interesting to find the authors combating the fallacy that had gained ground in their day that Venice was from the first a school of colour. We recognise to-day that the Venetians were inferior colourists till the time of Gian Bellini, and that only with the advent of Giorgione did they really excel.

NOTEBOOK AND BICYCLE.

Untravelling Berkshire, by "L. S." (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) APPARENTLY "L. S." is a lady who has bicycled in Berkshire with a notebook at her elbow. Her interests are many and her jottings made to good purpose. Without boring the reader with view-hunting, she has managed to ventilate her pages with the air of the Berkshire Downs, and when talking with the old inhabitants she has a sympathetic ear for everything characteristic. It is with evident relish that she copies such an epitaph as that of Admiral Pye in Faringdon Church: "The sorrow he felt at her (his first wife's) Death He affectionately expressed by the Monument He erected to her Memory. But this loss was abundantly supplied by his happy union with Anne, daughter of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, a union more intimately endeared to him by a numerous issue of sixteen children." Endearment in this connection is a good word. With a fine sense of human irrationality she tells the story of the Miser of Blewbury, who after living for many

years on 2s. 6d. a week, left behind him a fortune of £1,800, which was inherited by a grasping and selfish and distant relative. A question to which we have never found a satisfactory answer is why a clump of trees on the top of a hill should be called a Folly. It is no merely local habit, as the name occurs even more frequently in Northumberland than in Berkshire and Wiltshire. Folly occurs as the name of a clump of trees, of a village and (in Foley Bank) as a road. It is not the same word as in Cooke's Folly, Smith's Folly, etc., and appears to be an old expression. In Murray's Dictionary we have the word Folly explained as a dialect word meaning "a clump of fir trees on the crest of a hill"—the authority being Richard Jefferies and the Berkshire Glossary. But the dictionary is not so satisfactory as usual in regard to this word. Its use is so widespread as to be more than local, and the trees certainly need not be firs. More light is wanted on the subject.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Sir Guy and Lady Rannard, by H. N. Dickinson. (Heinemann.)
Rambles in Sussex, by F. G. Brabant. (Methuen.)
Samson Unshorn, by Reginald Turner. (Chapman and Hall.)
Haileybury College, by Rev. L. S. Milford. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
Cecilia Kirkham's Son, by Mrs. Kenneth Combe. (Blackwood.)
A Lute of Jade: Being selections from the Classical Poets of China, rendered with an introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. (John Murray.)

[“NOVELS OF THE WEEK” ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE Ivi.]

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

ON the very day on which Mr. Swinburne's will was published, the papers had to print, side by side with it, the announcement that Mr. George Meredith, the leading novelist and the foremost literary figure of the day, died on Tuesday morning. His final illness came so suddenly as to be describable as a collapse. Only a few weeks ago he surprised and gratified his admirers with a letter to Mr. Watts Dunton on the death of Mr. Swinburne, a letter as vigorous as a mountain torrent, as clear as a trumpet-call. It proved the truth of his own humorous boast: "Some men first give way in their heads, I give way in my legs!" He had broken one of these limbs about twelve months ago—an accident that must have required amazing vitality to get over so well at the advanced age of four-score. The immediate cause of his death was to be found in the piercing May winds which attacked him last week and brought on fits of drowsiness, succeeded by vomiting, which ended in his death on Tuesday morning of heart failure.

His career was one of the proudest in our records. No one will ever write of him that:

Just for a handful of silver he left us
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

During a long period of obscurity when he worked for small wages and less recognition, he held up the same banner that he carried until the hour of his death. No manoeuvring "to meet the public taste," no grovelling at the shrine of passion can be laid to his charge. He did not go to the public, he waited for the public to come to him. Whoever knew his slight figure, crowned by an ardent, fine and distinguished head, could believe that aught else was impossible to his nature. And how many and long were the years of waiting before he came to his kingdom! He was born at Winchester in 1828, and his first piece of verse appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1849. Ten years later came "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It was the same year in which "Adam Bede" appeared, but how different was the fate of the two books. George Eliot could by no stretch of language be called one who wrote down to her audience. Yet she made an appeal to which there was an immediate and great response. Like Lord Byron she awoke to find herself famous. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is still regarded by some, who are no mean judges, as the masterpiece of its author; but almost unnoticed it crept forth into the light of day, crept into a corner of the bookshelf where it was to remain for a quarter of a century, only to be taken down at intervals by some occasional reader who saw something out of the ordinary in its pages. Before the appearance of "Richard Feverel" he had published a volume of poems and a prose romance called "The Shaving of Shagpat." It was his fate to attract the eyes of the discerning few and not to captivate the multitude. Tennyson almost alone in England discerned some merit in the early poems, which, perhaps, reminded him of that first volume in which he had a principal part, the "Poems by Two Brothers." George Eliot and Dante Rossetti both recognised the merit of "The Shaving of Shagpat"; but it must be remembered that in those days the voices of these three were not as powerful as they were to become twenty years later, and so Meredith was left to struggle alone. It must have been a very grim and hard fight, though he was the last man in the world to direct any attention to it. But it is known that he was reduced to hard straits, even for the necessities of life, had once

to live on a diet exclusively composed of oatmeal, had resort to journalism, was editor of a provincial paper, and after that a special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, at that time by no means the powerful organ of public opinion that it is to-day but a little property and of no great circulation. He had also married the daughter of his early friend, Thomas Love Peacock—an alliance that was dictated largely by his generosity and led to no very happy results. In contrast to the fare to which he was reduced, it may be noticed here that Meredith was by temperament *un bon vivant*. The praises of old wine which occur so frequently in the course of his novels were reflective of his own tastes. No one was less likely to have been attracted to a penurious life on its own account than he was. All the more credit to him that he fought his way so manfully upward. We have mentioned his connection with journalism, and it may be noted in passing that his most important connection with it was when he edited the *Fortnightly Review* in the absence of Mr. John Morley. His other practical work, as distinguished from that which was creative, was also given to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, proprietors of the *Fortnightly*. He was a reader for many years to this firm, and his tenure of that office was remarkable among other things for the discovery of Miss Olive Schreiner, whose "Story of an African Farm" had previously been rejected by a rival firm on the authority of a writer who at the present moment is widely known, if not in the strict sense eminent. Personally, he had a horror of the "body-snatcher," and would never agree to the republication of the articles he wrote either in the *Ipswich Journal* or in the *Morning Post*. He must have found it extremely hard to make progress, however. His early works, much as they are esteemed to-day, fell flat on their first appearance. "Evan Harrington," which was first printed in *Once a Week*, appeared in 1861. It was followed by "Modern Love," "Poems and Ballads," a year later, and "Emilia in England" in 1864. "Rhoda Fleming" was published in 1865, "Vittoria" in 1866, "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" in 1871, "The Egoist" in 1879 and "The Tragic Comedians" in 1880. But it was "Diana of the Crossways" that made him widely known to the general public through one of those accidents which have so often revealed genius. We know that "Lorna Doone" achieved popularity because, at the time of the Marquess of Lorne's marriage, it was stupidly believed by the public that Lorna Doone had something to do with the bridegroom. It was the very irony of fate that Meredith, who had placed his faith on style and the most thorough workmanship, should achieve popularity through a belief on the part of the public that the heroine of his novel was meant to represent the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Nothing more ridiculous could very well be imagined, but since then the public, which follows with such docility when the way is pointed out to it, has simply worshipped at the shrine of George Meredith, so that it is a kind of literary shibboleth to say Meredithian or non-Meredithian. How far this popularity is well-founded, this is not quite the time to ask. George Meredith cultivated the art of making epigrams till his pages sparkled with them. These were not exactly natural to the man, although he got into the way of using them. Handicapped to a great extent by deafness, he was a wonderful conversationalist, and the characteristics of his conversations we should consider to be a very keen and sparkling wit, and a versatile but rather elementary sense of humour. His fondness for playing off practical jokes, even upon a

casual visitor, lingered about him to the last, and seemed to be a remnant of fun handed down from an earlier generation. What struck one most was the very high spirits that he maintained to the end—the same high spirits that animate the pages of his books. It has often struck us that he was perhaps too conscientious a workman, and the reason for that opinion will be apparent if his methods be contrasted with, for instance, those of Sir Walter Scott. Now, Sir Walter was in a sense a very careless scribe. In his Edinburgh lodgings he would sit down and his pen would move incessantly from corner to corner of his paper; sheet after sheet would be turned over, and he would not be content till his two thousand words were done. In the result any schoolboy can detect prolixity, ill-construction, faultiness of style, yet when he comes to conversation or a piece of animated narrative, these defects disappear as though at the wand of a magician and his style becomes as perfect as any that could be written. Suppose he had used the file; would he not have divested his prose of much that constitutes its charm—its spontaneity, its naturalness, its appeal to the mind of the hearer? This is no idle question in the case of George Meredith. At one time of his life it was his custom to write each of his novels three times over, and those who have seen the first drafts will substantiate the assertion of the present writer that in their simple directness there was a charm which disappeared when the cleverness and the epigrams came to be added on a second and third going over. It is a serious question to ask whether or not Mr. Meredith's long and conscientious labours were wasted. It is very possible that if he had written his stories as they first came into his head, and refused to do the mental acrobatics even for the eye of connoisseurs, he would have succeeded not only in gaining at an earlier period the ear of the public but in doing intrinsically better work. English tradition in writing since the time of Chaucer has been largely in favour of a simple

limpidity of style. This was possessed in the highest degree, perhaps, by Oliver Goldsmith, who achieved characterisation as complete as Meredith, but largely by means of monosyllables and without anything in the shape of epigram. He was only one of many masters of style in the eighteenth century who were able to get their results by means that have at least the appearance of simplicity. Thackeray, who was, indisputably, the cleverest imaginative writer of the nineteenth century, is, in his best passages, divinely simple. But this is not the proper time or place to be minutely critical of George Meredith. No critic worthy of the name would grudge the epithet of "great" to the long series of novels which began with "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and ended with "The Egoist." The work preceding the first of these was immature, and that which followed the latter was mannered and artificial. The works of his prime appear to us, however, to have enduring value. The men he created appear to us as living now as when they came glowing from his imagination. The country sights and sounds, especially in "The Egoist," rise up with the purity and definite outline of a morning in May, and that large view of life which belonged to him, and found expression in everything he did, seems to carry with it the hall-mark of immortality. There are many points on which he makes a special appeal to lovers of country life. He was very fond of gardening, and had many friends in the gardening world, among whom it may be interesting to mention the name of Sir Trevor Lawrence. In his later years one of his delights was to sit in the garden and look out at the pretty woodland country round Bexhill. Perhaps in later days memories often came to him of the kindred souls with whom he had held communion in the same place—men like William Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti and the rest of the little school who filled so large a place in the intellectual world of his youth. With him, as with Touchstone, it was meat and drink to see a clown.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

OPEN MEETING AT ST. ANDREWS

In the week following that of the spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, the Shopkeepers' Association of St. Andrews promoted an open competition which did not catch Braid or Taylor, but it caught almost all the other most distinguished men. Harry Vardon, coming straight from the Cruden Bay meeting and the embarrassing society of these two great ones, may have felt himself able to splash about rather in the manner of a Triton among the minnows when he came to St. Andrews. For all that, there were some formidable ones among these minnows; there was Herd, also Reid, who beat Vardon at Cruden Bay, and, as always at St. Andrews, a very big native fish in Andrew Kirkaldy. There were many more. The mode of this competition was that there should be thirty-six holes of score play—Vardon headed this easily, with Herd second and Kirkaldy third—and that the sixteen leaders in this should then go on to play in knock-out tournament. The earlier stages of the match play were not remarkable. It should be said that Harry Vardon's winning scores of 77 and 78 showed very good, steady play in conditions of keen greens and keen winds similar to those which had prevailed when the medal was played for. Kirkaldy's local knowledge did not avail him when he met Vardon in the match play. The best work was, perhaps, that of Mr. Baldie, an amateur, halving with Herd and only being beaten at the nineteenth hole, where Herd, with two great drives, was over the Burn, against the wind, in two. That, at least, is how an eye-witness described the finish, yet the written record says that Herd won on the eighteenth green. So hard is truth to catch. In any case, Herd had again to finish very strongly, indeed to scratch his match from the fire, with Thomson, who was one up with two to play. Then Herd did a splendid four at the seventeenth hole and again a four at the Home Hole, and won. Vardon never seems to have been in trouble.

THE VETERANS STILL VICTORS.

It has to be confessed that it is all desperately discouraging to the hopes of the younger school. At Cruden Bay, where all the best were gathered together, there came out in the final heat Braid and Taylor! At St. Andrews, when these two are absent, the finalists are Harry Vardon and Herd! Always the same four men at the top! There is no getting away from them. Duncan has done better work than any of the other young fellows since the big foursome. Robson contrives to disappoint the brilliant hopes given by his last season's play. Tom Ball is sound as ever, but still the veteran phalanx is unbroken.

SHERLOCK AT TOOTING BEC.

There was an exception, however. The reason why Braid and Taylor were not present at St. Andrews is that they were due to take part in the Southern Section's meeting of the Professional Golfers' Association at Tooting Bec, and here one of the younger generation—though not such a very young one—Sherlock, led the field. Braid was no better than second, at four strokes behind him, in spite of a wonderful first round of 71, which beat, by a stroke, the previous best on record score. Taylor was equal fourth with Rowland Jones, W. Hunter of Richmond getting in between him and Braid for third place. Sherlock's performance in leading by four strokes (his scores were 74 and 75) a field of this quality is really beyond all praise. It is far the best thing that he has ever done. But is not this very fact, that we speak with such

sorrows when any other takes the lead of one of these veteran leaders, the greatest possible tribute in itself to their strength? As for Braid, ever since Taylor remarked to me that he was the best putter in the world, he seems to have gone just a little off his putting, with that terribly slow swing of the club which seemed as if it were impossible for it to come to the ball moving a hair's breadth out of the true line. Still, if not always at his best in the short game during the last week or so, Braid is good enough. He beat Taylor in an exhibition match at Worcester after being three down on the first round; but somehow these exhibition matches do not seem to be quite the real thing. We know that both men are doing their best indeed; but what we like to see them is deadly earnest and keen—"out for blood." The exhibition match, however good the golf, leaves us cold.

THE GOLFER AND THE BUDGET.

"Some men, it would seem, are born to be unfortunate." This desperate conclusion was uttered by a golfer at St. Andrews lately, telling me that, never having done a hole in one stroke previously, he did the Short Hole Going Out in one on the day after that on which the Budget appeared. The point of the lament is, of course, that it is according to time-honoured custom in Scotland that if a man does a short hole in one (or a long one either, though that is less likely), he shall give a bottle of whisky to his caddie, and the price of the said bottle was found to have appreciated as a result of the Budget announcement. It has been suggested, *a propos* of the deficiency of revenue, that a tax should be levied on all golfers who go in for a competition, and be graduated according to the number of strokes taken, at the proposed rate of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a stroke for every stroke over 90. It is an idea to be commended to Mr. Lloyd-George, whom we know to be a golfer, and, further, a golfer who is credited with having done a hole in one. But he did not bring in this Budget till afterwards.

THE IRISH CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Ireland has a new professional champion with an uncontestedly Irish name, Michael Moran. He seems to have played very finely and by all accounts is a very good player indeed. The feature of his matches, at least as they appeared to our reading of them at a distance, was his power of coming with seemingly irresistible rushes and winning some three or four holes off the reel. Edmundson, the previous champion, a fine slashing player, who played one very brilliant round at Prestwick last year, hardly seems to have done himself justice. At the moment of writing the amateur event has yet to be played; prophecy would be out of place, since it may be proved to be wrong by the time these lines are in print. Ireland has not, so far, turned out such good male as she has female golfers; but in Mr. Lionel Munn, who won last year, she has, undoubtedly, a golfer of great promise, gifted with an easy, graceful style, and a fine, easy-going temperament. Mr. Cairnes is, of course, very good when at the top of his form, but his game is rather laborious, and lacks the natural dash of Mr. Munn's; while Mr. Harold Reade, though a fine, natural golfer, is apt to be inconsistent and disappointing. Of the others, few can hit the ball as hard and none can hit it quite so high as Mr. G. W. F. Kelly, who used to be Oxford's fast bowler and long jumper some ten years and more ago; of a younger generation, Mr. McCann is the most promising, having a good style and boundless enthusiasm. This amateur championship is generally noticeable for the number of competitors who veil their identities under various

pseudonyms, a fact from which one of two inferences might be drawn—either that Irishmen neglect their business more than other people, or that they are more ashamed of doing so. Last year a gentleman who masqueraded as "A. Beater" got as far as the final, but there he quite failed to justify so proud a title.

THE MIDLAND MEETING.

There are a number of good golfers in the Midlands, although some of them do not seem to venture very far afield, and are not, therefore, so well known as they otherwise would be. Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. Palmer, of course, we all know, and the former, with a good round, very materially helped the Kidderminster Club to win the team prize. In the individual competition, however, both these distinguished players were beaten by Mr. F. A. Woolley, who has always done well at this meeting, and on his day is a very fine player indeed; it is a pity that he does not enter for the amateur championship, but perhaps we may see him next week at Muirfield. Mr. Carr and Mr. Brewster Norbury are two other good players who did well. Mr. Norbury has a most graceful style and always looks as if he were going to play well. At the end of the meeting there was a match between the amateurs and professionals of the Midlands, which ended in a fairly conclusive victory for the professionals. The same thing happened in a similar match in Ireland, and indeed in all these contests the players practically always beat the gentlemen, especially towards the tail end of the teams. These matches are very interesting and well worth playing; it is a pity that there are not more of them, as they are good for all parties.

VICTORIOUS SOMERSET.

Mr. Herbert Fowler and Mr. Trask, playing for Somersetshire, gained a very comfortable victory over the Essex pair, Mr. A. S. Johnston and Mr. Arnold Read, in the final of the cricketers' tournament the other day. Essex won last year after a wonderful match against Warwickshire at Sunningdale, in which threes and twos were plentiful as blackberries. This year's winners are a fine combination, Mr. Trask wonderfully steady and accurate, and Mr. Fowler supplying the long-hitting element. Perhaps Mr. Read had hardly undergone an ideal course of training for a golf match in fielding out to an innings of something over 500 by the Australians immediately beforehand.

THE LATE MR. HARRY STIRLING CRAWFORD EVERARD.

Even at the time of the spring meeting at St. Andrews, there seemed to be something not quite right about that cheery gathering owing to the absence of the familiar figure of the late Mr. H. S. C. Everard. We were told that he was not well, but the reports did not in the faintest sense foreshadow the tragic suddenness of the death that has since overtaken him. A winner of first honours of the Royal and Ancient Club, a chief collaborator in the Badminton Golf Volume and author of another golfing book of his own pen, Mr. Everard, besides being a golfer and cricketer, was a very well-informed and widely read man. Although cricket, not golf, was the game to which he was educated, he was one of the first Englishmen to become a golfer, and to the day of his death was one of the very finest judges of the game, and knew more, probably, of its history and the performances of old players than any man now alive. By his marriage with a daughter of the late Colonel Boothby, and grand-daughter of the famous old golfer, Mr. George Condie of Perth, Mr. Everard drew still closer his bonds of association with golf. His comparatively early death will be mourned by a great number of friends whose affection was blended with respect for his strong and honourable character.

MR. GUY PYM.

No one who has seen Mr. Guy Pym skip across a street in London, as happened to me lately, in front of a Juggernaut of a motor-bus, could possibly suspect him of the sixty-eight years of age to which he owns; yet some explanation of his perennial activity may be found in the fact that in his youth he was a runner of every distance from 100 yards up to 1 mile,

including the hurdles, and was never beaten but once, in a quarter-mile at Cambridge, which he ran untrained. Yet he held the record for this race, at 49 3-5 sec., done when he beat Mr. Percy Thornton, M.P., in later life his brother-in-law, as well as colleague in the House of Commons. Mr. Thornton being at that time the crack Cambridge runner of the quarter. Golf, of which he is still an ardent devotee, owes Mr. Pym many a debt. He was captain of the Royal Wimbledon Club in the year that Dr. Purves discovered Sandwich, 1885, and gave first aid in the formation of the St. George's Club. Of the Deal Club he may be said to have been the founder in an even more individual sense, and the assistance that he gave to the nascent "boom" of golf in Great Britain generally is indicated by the fact that at one time he was member of no less than twenty-five golf clubs. Golf is a game which tries the temper, but Mr. Pym never played a match with a man he did not know before without making a new friend, and it was this winning charm of manner which made him such a valuable beater of the golfing drum at a date when recruits were needed to support young clubs.

LAW AND THE LAND.

THE decision of Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady in the Malvern Hills case the other day must have been an unpleasant surprise to all those who are interested in the Malvern Hills—and who are not?—and especially to the good people of Malvern. A body known as the Malvern Hills Conservators, who are charged with the special duty of looking after and preserving the hills, brought an action to restrain one of their own members or his wife from working quarries to the injury of the hills. Of

late years the quarries on the Malvern Hills have been largely extended, and complaints without number have been made to the conservators "to do something." They proceeded to do this, and brought an action against a quarry proprietor and the owner to restrain the working of one of the quarries. After a hearing which lasted over several days, the action was dismissed, not on the ground that the quarries do not disfigure the hills, nor that they may not interfere with the rights of common, but on the much narrower ground that the conservators had failed to prove that this was the case as regards this particular quarry. It does seem a pity that the conservators did not get some evidence to prove the damage done by the particular quarry, as it will be said at once that the decision is to the effect that quarrying may be legally carried on. Probably it will take another action to get rid of this idea. In their way the Malvern Hills are unique, and it would be a thousand pities that they should be spoilt by quarries being opened at the sweet will of the owners of the hills. Already the appearance of the hill at North Malvern has been made hideous by quarries, some of them, we are told, being those of the Malvern Urban Council itself. If the rate-payers of Malvern have any regard for their own interest, they will take counsel how to put a stop to the nuisance, for it must be stopped, or Malvern will soon feel the effect. No one goes for health and quiet next door to a quarry worked by modern machinery. We are told



MR. GUY PYM.

that there is a Bill before Parliament at the moment to enable Malvern to raise money to pay the cost of this litigation. Could not the promoters go a little further and get power to stop quarrying? We do not know how it is, but Malvern seems unhappy in its litigation. An action was brought against the council for allowing sewage to get into the water, and now an action is brought by them as to the nuisance caused by quarrying. So, according to their own showing, they have something to do in order to keep the place up to the ordinary standard of a health resort.

In mentioning poisoned bread in our note to "Hegeler's" letter on May 8th re the killing of a deer doing damage to his garden, we were dealing

only with the legal point involved. As we then pointed out, we are averse to advising the use of poison, and we agree with the writer of the letter in our "Correspondence" columns this week that the use of the gun will probably be more certain and far less dangerous. But as to the law, we adhere to our opinion. So far as we know, the only statutes referring to poison in such a connection as this are those which prohibit, respectively, the laying of poisoned meat or flesh and of poisoned grain, seed, or meal, and we do not see how bread can come under any of these categories. We expressed a doubt as to roots, but it is a very slight one, and was uttered out of extreme caution, for we think it is very improbable that a court of law would decide that any roots at all likely to be used for such a purpose could be described as seeds; grain or meal they certainly are not. It is a well-recognised rule of construction that penal statutes must be interpreted strictly and with great caution, and that nothing must be read into such an Act that is not expressly contained therein and implied by absolutely necessary inference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A DILEMMA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your reply to your correspondent's ("Hedgerley") query in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE* you state that "such an article as poisoned bread" would not come within the category of prohibited articles under the Poisoned Grain Prohibition Act, 1863. Can this point be sustained? I think not. Your correspondent would be ill-advised to resort to poison when he is clearly within his rights in shooting the deer (and this should not be a difficult matter with either a shot-gun or rifle), in which case he would only have to prove damage if proceeded against by the owner.—R. T. C.

[This is referred to in "Law and the Land."—ED.]

TROUT AND FUNGUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to a letter in last week's issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*, on the subject of the death of trout from fungoid disease in the Darent, I should like to say that I think it would be of interest and value to very many of your readers if you could have some such expert examination made of some of the dead fish as would, if possible, determine the nature of the so-called fungoid disease and, possibly, suggest a cure. This fungoid disease found its way into a large lake which I have some opportunities of fishing, and killed a very large number of the rainbow trout with which it was stocked. It was said at the time that overcrowding was the cause of their death, and it is certain that the disease seemed to die out when the fish became fewer; nevertheless, though there were so many in the lake, it was of such size that they could scarcely have been crowded, or at a loss for food. It was of a great depth in parts and had a fine stream running through it. It is not at all uncommon for very old fish to be found dead with traces of the fungoid disease, so-called, upon them in many rivers. Personally I have no doubt whatever of two points: First, that it is a disease which is constantly likely to fasten on any fish in a low condition of health; therefore, so far as my opinion has any value, I should recommend purifying the Darent and doing all that is possible to recuperate the general strength of the fish, whether survivors of the old stock or new importations; and, secondly, I am pretty sure that it is not the same disease as that which we call fungoid in salmon. It will occur in quick-flowing water, though it is more prevalent and fatal in water imperfectly oxygenated. But I speak without any scientific knowledge, and if you could get an opinion, after microscopic examination of some of the victims, from a professor in fish pathology, it might be of great assistance in indicating a means of checking the spread of the disease. It goes without saying that it is very infectious, or, at least, contagious, and that special care should be taken to see that all new stock put in are free from it.—H.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A letter in last week's issue describing the outbreak of a fungoid disease among the trout in a Kentish stream reminds me of a similar occurrence many years ago in the Northumbrian Till. I was a schoolboy at the time, and remember very well the delight with which the first of the affected fish were taken. The river is slow and deep and has steep banks. The first sign that something was wrong lay in the fact that large trout of from 4lb. to 10lb. in weight were seen close into the bank. Rambling down by the green meadows, it seemed to a schoolboy that here was an excellent and new method of catching fish. They were very carefully stalked first, seized and brought ashore, though it was a disappointment to find that they could not be eaten. This occurred in early summer, and in the course of a few days the disease seemed to have spread enormously, as hundreds of fish could be seen rising to the surface as if for air, or swimming about in a stupid and blind manner. The next stage was that they began to die by dozens; great fish floated in among the sedges, some were pulled out on to the grass by the village children, but the majority were left to pollute the water, which sent out a most unsavoury smell. The disease ran its course for a great part of the summer, six or eight weeks at least, and spoilt the fishing for many a day. As far as I recollect, nothing was done at the time; but, shortly afterwards, the disease manifested itself among the salmon in the Tweed, and this led to a careful investigation of its symptoms. I have no means of comparing the outbreak in the North with that which took place in the South, and could not even venture to say that the disease in both cases was the same, but the results seem to bear a close similarity, and I hope in an early issue of your paper to see the results of a scientific examination of the dead fish, as it would be of the highest importance to deal with such an epidemic at its very first appearance.—W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may like to insert part of this report in your next issue. It is by Mr. Drew, an acknowledged authority. I am glad to say that the disease, so far as I can see, has died out. I cannot believe it has killed every fish in

By no stretch of the imagination can bread be classed as meat or flesh; the one is distinctly of animal, the other of vegetable origin. Nor can it be grain, seed, or meal, all of which are natural, unprepared products of the soil. Bread is a manufactured composite, and, though it contains grain or seed or meal, it is in quite a different form and in combination with several other substances. We are not aware of any legal authority on the point; of course, if there is one of a competent court, and, with all due deference, we may say that we do not recognise as such a possibly unconsidered decision at petty sessions, then we willingly confess we are wrong and defer to it. But we shall be considerably surprised if our correspondent can produce any recognised authority to support the doubt he entertains as to the correctness of our opinion. We do not claim to be infallible, but our former note was written after careful consideration, and we are not at present prepared to admit that the view of the law we then expressed is incorrect.

the part of Colne running through these grounds, but I confess I see very few. I can suggest no remedy, but it is very necessary to pull out all dead and dying fish.—A. HOLLAND HIBBERT, Munden, Watford.

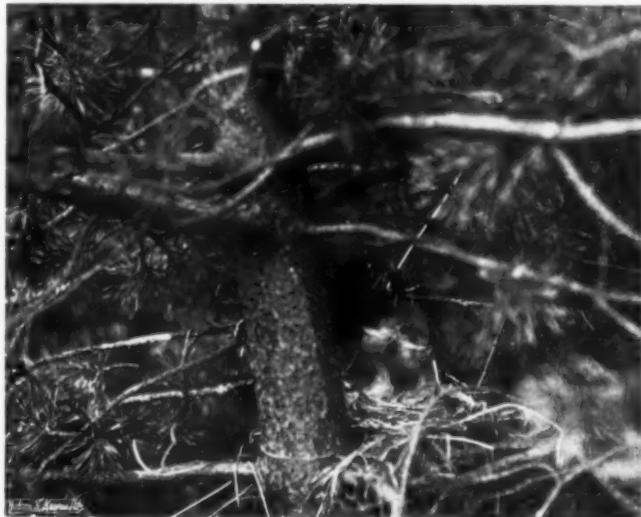
[The following are extracts from the report: "Am sorry to say that there is now no possibility of doubt that your fish are suffering from the true 'Salmon disease.' I have isolated the bacteria (the bacillus *Salmonis pestis*) that cause the mischief and have again been able to identify the fungus as the *Saprolegnia ferax*. The fungus, as you know, is merely a secondary growth on the necrosed tissue produced by the action of the bacteria. The disease is known to affect most fresh-water fish, as well as salmon and trout, and in your waters all fish appear to be attacked indiscriminately. I am afraid that in the present state of our knowledge of the subject curative measures are out of the question. I should advise ascertaining how far above and below your place the disease spreads, and then persuading the other owners to join with you in destroying every diseased fish. The fish should be burned and on no account buried; if buried the bacteria are sure in the course of time to be carried by drainage back into the river. Considering the extent to which the disease has spread in your waters, I should be strongly inclined to advise killing every fish, waiting a year and then restocking. The fish might be moved by netting or with greater certainty by dynamite; I imagine that it would be a matter of difficulty to be certain of netting every fish in your waters, while you could be fairly certain of killing them all with dynamite. Of course, such measures would be of little use unless other owners along the stream can be persuaded to do the same. If you are unable to get other owners to act with you in the matter (presuming the infection is not confined to your waters), I think you should make it absolutely impossible for any fish to escape up or down stream, although it is almost certain that the infection will spread in any case by the bacteria being carried down stream. The disease will probably die down temporarily during the warmer weather, but will reappear with increased virulence next winter unless the fish are destroyed.—G. HAROLD DREW."—ED.]

THE WYE FISHERIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to offer a few remarks in reply to the points raised in the interesting article on "The Wye Fisheries" contained in your issue of May 1st? As the writer of the article rightly points out, the question as to whether the fisheries of this river are really improving is a matter of more than local importance, and it is because I think he has missed one all-important factor in his consideration of this question that I venture to trouble you with my reply. As pointed out in your article, the river was netted "fairly hard" by Messrs. Miller Brothers, up to and including 1901. The general impression was that the river was over-netted, and I think it is beyond dispute that the stock of spawning fish had been seriously depleted. It will be admitted by everyone that unless a sufficient number of fish are allowed to enter our rivers and spawn, it is impossible for the stock of fish to increase, even if it can be maintained. In expressing doubt as to whether the Wye Fisheries are really improving, the writer of the article has, I think, not made sufficient allowance for the number of years required on a depleted river like the Wye to restore the stock of spawning fish to a sufficient number to provide both sport for the angler and also remuneration for the netsman. It has been practically established by Mr. H. W. Johnston, Mr. Calderwood and others that the parr generally remain two years in fresh water and migrate to the sea when a little over that age. They always remain one winter in the sea, and do not return as grilse until a little over three and a-quarter years old. Some fish remain a second winter in the sea and enter the river as small spring or summer fish, from 10lb. to 12lb. in weight. Some will not return until five years old, after spending three winters in the sea, and weighing from 15lb. to 30lb.; and it is not uncommon for fish to delay entering the rivers to spawn until they are six years old, and weighing from 30lb. to 40lb. and over. The first year in which even a fair number of salmon had the slightest chance of reaching the best spawning-grounds on the Wye was in 1902, when the Wye Fisheries Association suspended all netting in the estuary. This policy was continued during 1903 and 1904, but in 1905 netting in the estuary was resumed, and has been carried on in each succeeding year, but in moderation. I enclose a table I have drawn up, showing in which years we might reasonably expect to see the results of the suspension of netting in 1902, 1903 and 1904. For some unknown reason grilse do not appear to enter the Wye in any quantity, and therefore we could not expect any result before 1907 and 1908, when the four and five year old fish, which were the offspring of the 1902 spawning season, would enter the river. As the writer of the article points out, a large proportion of the fish which enter the tributaries to

spawn have not much chance of returning to the sea. I think we can also eliminate the fish of six years old and more, as they will be comparatively scarce. It would therefore seem that the Wye Fisheries, both in the estuary and fresh water, must mainly depend on the four and five year old "maiden" fish (i.e., salmon returning to the river for the first time). I would also suggest that the most valuable fish for spawning purposes are the five-year-old fish. I may point out that out of fifty-seven maiden fish, the scales of which I have examined this season, fifty-two, or 91 per cent., are four or five years old. So far



COCK BLACKBIRD ARRIVING WITH FOOD.

I have only found eight fish, out of a total of sixty-five examined, which have spawned before. If the table is correctly examined, it will be found that the five year old fish, which are the result of the 1902 spawning season, would not enter the river until 1908, and that, therefore, six years must elapse before we could look for any result (i.e., as far as the best class of spawning fish is concerned) from the cessation of netting in a depleted river like the Wye. I think it is, therefore, remarkable that in the winter of 1908, for the first time for many years, we hear of a noteworthy increase in the stock of large spawning fish in the upper and best spawning-grounds of the Wye. These fish, it should be noted, are the offspring of the depleted stock which entered the river in 1902. If, therefore, 1908 is the first year in which the spawning-beds have been at all fully occupied, it is far too soon to expect any really large increase in the stock of fish. Further careful examination of the table will show that still another five or six years must elapse before we can see the full results of the suspension of netting in 1902, and only in 1913 and 1914 can we look for the four and five year old fish which are the offspring of the five year old fish that entered the river in 1908, and which were themselves the offspring of the 1902 fish. If the above-mentioned conclusions are correct, at least ten, more probably twelve, years must elapse before one can fully judge the results of suspending netting in a river which had been almost depleted of spawning fish, and I would therefore urge that it is far too soon to express any decided opinion as to the results of the action of the Wye Fisheries Association in suspending netting in 1902, 1903 and 1904.—J. ARTHUR HUTTON.

The offspring of the fish which enter the river to spawn in the years denoted in these columns will return as grilse, 4, 5, 6, or 7 year old fish in the years denoted in the first column.

Return in	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
1902									
1903	Depleted Stock	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1904									
1905									
1906	Grilse	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1907	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
1908	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—	—	—	—	—
1909	6 yrs.	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—	—	—	—
1910	7 yrs.	6 yrs.	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—	—	—
1911	—	7 yrs.	6 yrs.	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—	—
1912	—	—	7 yrs.	6 yrs.	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—
1913	—	—	—	7 yrs.	6 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—	—
1914	—	—	—	—	7 yrs.	5 yrs.	4 yrs.	Grilse	—

AGRICULTURE AND THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A Kent farmer has given his support to the Daylight Saving Bill through the Press. As a farmer of over six hundred acres, including a dairy of eighty cows, will you permit me to enter the strongest possible protest against the measure? It is easy for men whose work begins at 8 a.m. or 9 a.m. to talk enthusiastically about rising an hour earlier; but would there be the same enthusiasm if their labours began at 4.30 a.m. or 5 a.m., as does that of the milker? Many farmers find it difficult enough to get their milk to the station in time for the trains now. How much more so when the Bill is in operation! And it is easy to talk of its being unnecessary for farmers to conform to the imposed conditions; they will be compelled to do so by the alteration of the train service. The hay and corn harvests occupy, at least, three months of the year. The men are ready to begin work in the fields at from 7.30 a.m. to 8 a.m. under present conditions; but, owing to the dew, this is often premature. Under the conditions created by the Bill, the men will be ready for work an hour earlier by solar time. This will mean that an hour, more or less, will be lost, as the crops will be unfit to be carried at that time. Carrying ceases between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. at present. But since the milkers will be obliged, by the train arrangements under the Bill, to rise an hour earlier in the morning, they must, as a consequence, leave work an hour earlier. One cannot expect the men to add to their already long hours. Thus there will be a loss of one hour per day at the most critical period of the year, a loss of time which may entail heavy pecuniary loss on account of bad weather. Is it not true, Sir, that in these days of effete life many townsmen are such slaves to

custom (including that of commencing work when the clock strikes a certain number of hours), that nothing short of an Act of Parliament can rouse them to take advantage of what they believe to be a most desirable thing? The employees of at least one London firm are content to rise an hour earlier by the clock, and leave their offices proportionately earlier. Cannot this example be emulated by others? The difficulties with which the agriculturist has to contend are sufficiently great already; such measures will only serve to increase them, and tend to drive the sturdy and robust young farmer, whom we badly need at home, to seek the freedom of the Colonies.—EAST WILTS.

THE HISTORY OF A HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter you published under the above title from me has greatly interested many here, and many letters have already been received addressed to her former owner (who died many years since) asking for the address of the mare's present owner. This should have been given as follows: T. H. S. PULLEN, M.D., Abernethy House, Sidmouth.

[Several letters have been received by us asking for similar information.—ED.]

NEW ZEALAND BEE-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me any information as to bee-farming in New Zealand? Particulars as to the best market for honey, prices obtainable in New Zealand and in this country, and cost of carriage from New Zealand to England will be very welcome.—FRED. M. LKA.

[Bee-keeping in New Zealand is carried on successfully, but the country being thinly populated the crop is not large. The honey gathered is of excellent quality, being free from the flavour of eucalyptus which spoils much of the Australian honey. We have been informed that very little is exported, as the greater part is sold in the country. Prices in Australia are very low—from about 2d. to 3½d. per lb.—but we believe that better prices are obtained in New Zealand. The Department of Agriculture at Wellington have a model apiary at the Government Experimental Farm at Ruakura, under the supervision of Mr. Isaac Hopkins, who is assisted by a lady first-class expert of the British Bee-keepers' Association.—ED.]

A CASE OF DUAL NESTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photographs of male and female blackbirds may be of interest to your readers, partly because many people do not know a female blackbird when they see it, and also because this particular pair seem to have annexed a thrushes' nest and dispossessed the rightful owners. I was told that the young were fed and brooded over alternately by blackbirds and thrushes, but after spending the greater part of three days within 3ft. of the nest, I failed to discover that any thrushes ever came near. The nest was undoubtedly that of a thrush, and contained originally three thrush's and four blackbird's eggs; one thrush and four blackbirds hatched out, and these were four days old when I first saw them. On the tenth day the young thrush was ejected from the nest and lay dead at the foot of the tree. I believe this to be a genuine case of dual nesting. The garden in which it occurred is a very quiet one, not frequented by the "soaring human boy" who so loves to play pranks on unsuspecting birds. But in all probability the Rev. Maurice Birr, who asked me to watch this nest, was right when he summed up the result of my three days' watching as follows: "The two species probably selected the same site, and during the leisurely construction built together, laid, as each would have opportunity to do, in the other's absence, and the same as regards sitting. As the hatching-time came near, the intervals of leaving the nest grew shorter and fewer, and so the weaker species was gradually choked off, to be finally driven away when the young actually



HEN BLACKBIRD SITTING.

appeared. I have been constantly told that the thrush brooded over the young directly my back was turned, but every time I crept back to see, the hen blackbird was always in possession.—E. L. TURNER.

TIME OF INCUBATION IN THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Seton Gordon's notes on the golden eagle in your paper. In the issue of April 17th he writes as follows: "It is supposed that the incubation of the eagle is forty days, but this statement is difficult to corroborate," etc. I believe that the above estimate

exceeds the average time of incubation by about a week. Having been able to keep constant observation on two pairs of eagles (sixty miles apart), which nested close to ranches where I lived in Montana, I can positively state that the time of incubation was thirty-five and thirty-three days respectively. Particulars and photographs of these eagles appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of April 15th, 1905, and December 12th, 1908. In a bulletin on "The North American Eagles," lately published by the United States Department of Agriculture, the writer (Mr. H. C. Oberholser), when referring to the golden eagle, observes: "The period of incubation has been given variously as from twenty-five to thirty-five days; probably thirty days is the average time."—E. S. CAMERON.

DONKEYS IN THE PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a rather out-of-the-way snap-shot of a pair of donkeys ploughing. I came across them a few days ago in a small Surrey village, and perhaps you may like to reproduce the photograph. I may just mention that a goat always follows the small donkeys when they are engaged in their work of ploughing.—Z.



BEE-STINGS AND RHEUMATISM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of May 8th the question is asked, in relation to the cure of rheumatism by the application of bee-stings, why formic acid should not be injected instead of the direct application of bee-stings? The answer, I think, to this is, that the cure does not depend upon the formic acid contained in the stinging matter, but rather is due to the alkaloid base in the bee poison. This substance, which is akin to snake venom, has been investigated by Langer of Graz, by Calmette in his work on Venoms and by Morgenroth. Anyone interested in the subject of bee-stings and rheumatism will find the subject fully treated of in a report in the British Medical Journal of October 10th, 1908.—FREDERIC VICARS.

CHURCH AS DWELLING HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have sent you a photograph which I hope you will find suitable for reproduction in your paper. The building represented in the picture was formerly a private chapel for the household of an old manor house close by, but is now, and has been for many years, a gardener's cottage, and is somewhat of a curiosity.—S. LONGMAN.



MY TAME MONGOOSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It seems a pity the mongoose is not a more familiar pet in England, as these creatures are most affectionate and entertaining animals. Some time ago a friend asked me to look after hers for some weeks while she went abroad. Sad, indeed, was I when I had to return Augustus to his rightful owner. He was a delightful person and we had become fast friends. It is quite



certain you need never have a dull moment with a mongoose in the house. Its curiosity is overpowering and leads to many comical situations. Augustus had a large house of his own (which he only used as a bedroom) and I kept it in a lumen room. He roamed at his sweet will and was courteous to everyone. His diet consisted of chicken or rabbit bones, bread and milk. I had heard the chief food of the mongoose in India consists of live snakes and rats. I could not procure him a snake, but told a gardener to catch me a live rat, explaining that no snake or rat, however big and fierce, was too much for a mongoose to tackle. When a message came that a fine young rat was awaiting us, the whole household assembled in a nearly empty attic to see Augustus give one spring, and the rat would be no more. Alas for civilisation! it was a funny scene. The poor rat had been turned out and taken refuge under a wash-handstand. The household had brought in chairs, and were standing on them. I proudly brought in Augustus, just showed him the rat and skipped on to a chair. Imagining my horror when I saw the brave Augustus being pursued round the room by the rat, his one idea being to jump on my shoulder, and bury his head in my hair! Augustus and I walked out of the room with as much dignity as we could, and I had the plucky little rat put out of the window. Augustus had the most disconcerting way of putting out a candle. If I left it burning for one instant in his room, I would return to total darkness and a smell of frizzled flesh. I caught him at it one night; he sat up by the candle blinking, and then clutched the burning wick in his little hand. The "game didn't seem worth the candle," one would think. He only once bit me. He came downstairs into a passage covered with linoleum, and commenced running up and down; faster and yet faster he went, his toe nails clattering on the linoleum. When this "mechanical mouse" business had gone on for a long time I was afraid he would have a fit, so fell on my knees and clutched him as he passed, and he promptly bit me. He was too excited to know what he was doing, and his repentance was touching. On one occasion a lamp globe had been placed temporarily at the top of the stairs. Inquisitive Augustus promptly crawled into the globe, it turned over, and started rolling down the stairs. Paul Pry inside, making ineffectual darts to get out. Wonderful to relate, the glass did not break, and when it came to a standstill on the landing Augustus walked out, yawned, shook himself, and his expression plainly said: "What are you grinning at? This is the way I always go downstairs in my own country." Dear little man!—H. S. ORD.

CAT AND WEASEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a cat and a weasel may be of interest to those readers of COUNTRY LIFE who have given any attention to the relative powers of attack and defence with which certain animals of the fighting order are endowed. Surely it is a rare circumstance for a domestic cat to attack a full-grown weasel and battle with it successfully! The cat in the picture had not quite killed this one when the owner, attracted by the screams of the victim, contrived to wrench it from the cat, but it was so injured that it did not survive long afterwards. Probably the long thick fur of this Persian had acted as a defence against the teeth of the weasel by preventing it from getting a hold of its captor.—CHARLES REID.